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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Review of the Week	571	Reviews (continued)—	
Song Forsaken.....	572	Some Light on the Near	
Felo-de-Se ?	572	East	583
Some Characteristics of		Shorter Reviews	583
Modern Irish Poetry—I.	572	Fiction	584
Wagner's Autobiography	574	The Royal Academy—II.	586
Reviews :—		The Theatre	587
The Life of Lord Goschen	575	Our Prison System	588
Two Warriors of Old		Some New French Books	589
Japan	577	Fifty Years of Modern	
The American Common-		Italy	590
wealth	578	Our Pantisocrats	591
Robert Louis Stevenson	579	Art	592
"In Loco Cambri-		The Poet's Holiday—X.	593
ensis"	580	Sheffield Musical Festival	594
Sport and a Sportsman	581	Foreign Affairs	595
Awakening Asia	581	In the Temple of Mammon	596
The Surprising Cheva-		Correspondence	597
lier.....	582	Books Received	598

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

With next week's ACADEMY we shall issue an eight-page "Empire Supplement." Articles by contributors of special knowledge, experience, and authority will appear, and will deal in an interesting manner with affairs of the Colonies and the British Empire generally.

MR. JUSTICE WARRINGTON's decision in the recent action brought to test the validity of "Form 8" is another blow to that marvellous and—according to Mr. Lloyd George—perfectly simple measure, the People's Budget. "Form 4," which was so simple that its originator was obliged to have repeated consultations with specialist authorities in Downing Street, eventuated in a somewhat ignominious position of affairs. Those to whom it was sent were informed with regard to certain questions that they might partly answer them, that they need not answer them at all, or that they could give what answers they liked. It reminds us of the inquisitorial question which husbands were at one time required, under this Bill, to put to their wives, as to the amount of their income: an inquiry which caused much domestic dissension, and which was eventually disposed of by the suggestion that a blank "I don't know" might be

the reply. Probably in some cases words of additional embellishment were added. At any rate, "Form 4" fell down the hill to oblivion, and "Form 8" comes tumbling after.

Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare and the old Globe Theatre, are familiar associations of personality and place; but the linking of Shakespeare's name with Whitehall is less frequent, save perhaps to the student specialising upon Elizabethan affairs. The connection was emphasised in a pleasant manner on Saturday last by the meeting of the London Topographical Society at the Board of Trade Offices, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery. Several curious points with regard to the London of olden days were touched upon in the various interesting speeches. Mr. Ernest Law, for instance, mentioned the fact that when the "Great Hall," situated in what is now Horse Guards' Avenue, was required for other purposes, plays were occasionally given in the "Cockpit," the site of which is at the back of No. 10, Downing Street; and Lord Welby put rather startlingly the contrast of past and present when he remarked that on that actual site stood now the rooms of the Permanent Secretary and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Some of the old Cockpit buildings, said Lord Rosebery, existed well into the nineteenth century, and now that we have learned to recognise Shakespeare as Groom of the Chamber in Whitehall Palace, "we may look out for further revelations as to his close connection with the Court." The subject is inexhaustible, and there will be evidently plenty of room in a year or two for more volumes on Shakespeare—even apart from the literary side. Incidentally, Mr. Law gave an intimation of Shakespeare's early fame which completely eclipses the exploits of Mr. Somerset Maugham or Mr. Shaw. "There was a record," he said, "of eight plays being given in one week, and thus we have King James anticipating Sir Herbert Tree 298 years ago by giving in His Majesty's Theatre, only a few yards from where His Majesty's Theatre now stands, in the Haymarket, a cycle of Shakespearean plays in the dramatist's own lifetime."

We welcome with great pleasure the appearance of the first number of the official organ of *The Land Union*. Unlike most, or at all events many, official organs, it is quite readable, and it is packed with material which will be appreciated by all of those who waged such a just and gallant fight against Mr. Lloyd George's People's Budget. The first contribution, "The Broad Case Against the Land Taxes," is an admirable short article by Mr. Harold Cox, who so successfully and humorously exposed the grotesque absurdity of the proposal to tax unbroken minerals. Many of the other articles contain warnings which will be extremely useful as cautions to those whom the Land Taxes are calculated, if they were not devised, to bleed to death. We have before described the policy of the Government ever since they assumed office as a prolonged conspiracy against employment. No wonder that they are now proposing measures to support in idleness those whom their reckless legislation has deprived of their means of subsistence! Mr. E. G. Prettyman has a forcible article, entitled "The Badge of the Tribe." In the Supplement will be found Parts I., IV. and VII. of the Revenue Act of 1911, with explanatory notes. We think that the new journal, *The Land Union*, should be found in every estate-office, and any one who is subject to be plundered under the Act of 1911—and who is not?—will do well to expend, however difficult he may in these days find it to do so, 3d. weekly in the purchase of an advisory journal which may conceivably save him many times that sum.

SONG FORSAKEN

When I went forth singing,
Then all things made me glad,
Flower, star, and songbird,
Such joy I had.

Ah, the dreams I cherished,
The songs I fashioned then,
You shall find them treasured up
In quiet homes of men.

The wise man came and counselled me
Gold to win, to keep,
I heard his evil counsel,
I put my soul to sleep.

I have a silver tankard,
A golden finger-ring,
But my soul withers in me,
I have no songs to sing.

ETHEL TALBOT.

FELO-DE-SE ?

Is it conceivable that the House of Lords, fearing death, will, at the bidding of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, perpetrate suicide? Suicide on the most irrational grounds, and at a juncture when courage to live would be sublime, refuge in self-slaughter a reproach to the heirs of glorious traditions—of battles fought and won for the freedom and progress of the people?

The existing members of the House of Lords are but trustees for the nation of an institution which has deserved well of it, and which holds a secure position in its esteem and affection.

Why and wherefore all this twaddle about reform, which is no reform at all, but revolution thinly disguised? Why flight from the path of duty when the country on appeal has lately endorsed the action of the House in referring to it the so-called Budget of 1909? What possible defence of flouting the registered decision of the country can be alleged?

There is but one halting palliation, and the House of Lords should be the last body to advance it. True, the country condemned the Budget, but the House of Commons, as the result of a bargain in defeasance of the verdict of the country, upheld it.

Why should the House of Lords argue thus—the country condemned the Budget; the House of Commons by a device overruled the decision of the electorate; are the Lords to argue, *ergo*—"We hold ourselves condemned, hurry to array ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, and rush to revolution. We cannot even possess ourselves in patience until the Government—coercing their antagonistic elements—can produce a plan of reform, as they admit they are bound to do. We must smooth their path, we must show that the best plan we can produce covers us with contumely and ridicule, and we must provide them with a powerful argument for declining any attempt to redeem their promise to the electorate"?

Prince Arthur, with a sure and cruel death in front of him, bravely essayed an attempt at freedom and existence—

"As good to die and go, as die and stay."

Cannot the House of Lords, if die it must, meet its doom with dignity and courage?

What an inscription with which to blazon the degeneracy of the successors of the haughty Barons who upheld the honour and freedom of England in peace and in war!

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Certain members of the House of Lords have been accustomed during the last two decades to promote academic discussions on reform of the House; amongst them the foremost has, of course, been Lord Rosebery, the most brilliant and the least practical of politicians. Others who have been proud to tread in his footsteps, not endowed with his Northern caution, have endeavoured to outstrip him in the race. Lord Rosebery dwelt, according to custom, in an atmosphere of resolution—or shall we say irresolution? In very eloquent language he shadowed forth aspirations and, satisfied with applause, relapsed into indolence. His imitators proceeded to the logical conclusion. They formulated measures wrapped in mantles of nescience. They pricked the bubble, and the liberated gas asphyxiated their reputations.

We are sorry that Lord Lansdowne has failed to profit by observation and experience, and has produced a scheme which, if it were the progeny of any other man, we should not hesitate to describe as grotesque, but in deference to the noble Marquess we will only designate as negligible.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—less urbane than ordinarily—once remarked, if we are not mistaken, "Enough of the foolery." We do not wish to suggest that any such expression would be courteously correct or properly applicable to the scheme of the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords. We do, however, say—and we say it after a long experience and one or two laborious and futile excursions in the same region—that the House of Lords cannot be tinkered into an amorphous mass which is not the House of Lords at all, and which would be a byword amongst Legislative assemblies.

Having admitted that the hereditary principle is indefensible, by what sort of logic can you retain so much of it as is convenient for manipulating a majority for yourselves? Then, again, as members of the House of Commons are not honest and independent enough to recommend names to the Lord-Lieutenant for appointment as Justices of the Peace, by what sort of logic will they be possessed of all the virtues when participating in the election of 120 Lords of Parliament? Every one is apparently to be eligible for election to the "House of Lords." Our old friend the working man who never works may display his vast abilities in the morning on the reconstituted Bench, and, as Lord Shirke, deliver polished orations from the red benches in the evening. We draw a veil over a painful vision.

If proof were wanted that the House of Lords cannot be transformed into something which is not a House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne has conclusively afforded it.

The responsibility of proposing a reformed Second Chamber rests with the Government. Let the Opposition leave them "to stew in their own juice," and exclaim with Macbeth—

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?"

CECIL COWPER.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN IRISH POETRY—I.

"SHALL I be thought fantastical," asks Charles Lamb, "if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more stale and rung upon in common discourse."

That is one way of saying that the poets whose names he found sweetest were, in a sense, a discovery of his own, and therefore, whatever their particular merits, they had for him a personal and intimate meaning not offered by the great masters whose words are on the lips of all. It is easy to

admire the poets who the critics tell us are to be admired ; it is more difficult to persuade ourselves that the admiration is wholly sincere and spontaneous. For most of us it is a rarer pleasure to find something to admire "all by our own selves," as the children say. There is nothing more refreshing at times than to leave the broad and beaten highway of fame, trodden flat by the feet of devout pilgrims, for a by-path of literature where there is at least a possibility of some new and exciting discovery. It is true the path may be uneven, and the overhanging branches may at times render it obscure, but here and there the wanderer is rewarded by a glimpse of some retired and delicate beauty whose sudden freshness appeals more to the heart than the obvious glories of the open road.

It is, in other words, a delight to have an opportunity of forming one's own opinions and of reading poems which have not had the doubtful advantage of explanatory prefaces and learned, copious, and distracting footnotes. The works of the minor poets of the new Irish school are sufficiently unknown to offer a delightful field to the ignorant and unprofessional critic, a still untrodden byway to the amateur explorer. I should recommend any such to beg or borrow them, if they will not buy : to steal them is not worth while, for among many other merits they possess that of cheapness. They issue from the press in little square and oblong booklets, costing from a shilling to half-a-crown. Not for them the scarlet and green and gold, the tooled morocco and padded russia of those who have "arrived ;" but instead, sober suits of brown or green or grey paper, or, at best, of linen with a twisted Celtic border.

I am not going to speak of the leaders of the movement in Ireland ; they are too near the high-road and the finger-posts of fame for a rambling excursionist with no settled itinerary. The books which prompt the following remarks have been picked up at random, and there must necessarily be many gaps in their ranks ; but it is possible to learn from them "which way the wind blows" in Ireland to-day.

I am told that in France, where men seem to have a natural *flair* for literature, the critics hold that Ireland is the scene of the only considerable literary movement of the present time. However this may be, it is obvious even to the most casual of amateurs in literature that there is in progress some sort of renaissance—a stirring of life after long and barren years. The Irish Press has issued, I should suppose, more volumes of verse in the last decade than in the previous half-century, and though quantity is not quality, it too has its significance. We may be watching the beginnings of a great literary rebirth, or but a passing phase of fashion—impossible as yet to say which—but even fashions have their interest, and the Irish movement has still the undoubted charm of novelty.

In the poetry of modern Ireland there are naturally very varying degrees of merit, and very wide divergences of style and treatment ; but there are also such strongly-marked general characteristics as give to the separate volumes of verse a more than individual interest, and mark them as not merely the outcome of isolated or sporadic impulse, but as the outward sign of some hidden process in the life of the nation.

The most striking of these common characteristics, and one not to be ignored by the most careless reader, is love of country. The dominant note in every instance is "Ireland." Throughout her history Ireland has always inspired a passionate love in her children ; she possesses for them an inexplicable, a potent charm—a fascination which even strangers sometimes feel :—

Not the slopes of Rhine with such yearning are remembered (1).
Not your Kentish orchards, not your Devon lanes.

(1) Stephen Gwynn.

Never has that yearning found more fervent expression than in the poetry of to-day. The poets of the Young Ireland of the nineteenth century were patriotic too, but their feeling took a more belligerent and at the same time a more stereotyped form ; it was a political principle rather than a conviction of the mind, and they expressed it in symbols which had in them little that was characteristically Irish. To-day love of country seems to be the very breath of the poet, and in passing it may not be out of place to say that a feeling so spontaneous and so unanimous is not likely to be, as some would have us think, the swan-song of an exhausted and expiring nation, but rather the happier impulse of one "musing her mighty youth," and inspired by youth's divine and rhapsodical fervour.

Where the poems do not deal directly with love of country they are full of Irish names and of allusions to Irish story. For almost the first time Irish writers are seeking their inspiration at the well-springs of their national literature—Helen is superseded by Deirdre, and Achilles gives place to Cuchullin. Take at random any of the volumes, and you shall find such titles as these :—Clan Lir, To the Leanan Sidhe, Irish Hymn, Tir na n-Og, After Aughrim, Grainne after the Death of Diarmuid. This concentration on native resources seems to me to be an indication of strength—as borrowing is a confession of weakness ; it is a kind of Sinn Fein policy carried into the realm of letters. There is enough material in the ancient literature of Ireland to furnish forth a hundred poets, and the men of to-day are in some sense the heirs of the bards of a thousand years ago.

They have inherited with their stories some of their main characteristics, and of these one of the most arresting is their love of Nature. This love is distinctive of the early Irish tales, and it is equally prominent in the poems of the twentieth century. There is in them a passion for the unspoilt country-side, the clean air of mountain, wood, and field. In these days of complicated and tortured psychology, of self-conscious probings into the problems of the unnatural life of towns, it is a real refreshment to dwell in spirit with men for whom—in their books, at least—such problems do not exist ; men who are content to watch "the little wind that laughing across the water blows" (2), or to wander where

The mists of bluebell float beneath
The red stems of the pine ; (3)

Or to see in the bending poplars an image of the dead

Swaying in some sad dance by shady Acheron (4).

What Seosamh MacCathmaoil says of himself might be said with equal truth of many of his fellow-poets :—

I am the mountainty singer—
The voice of the peasant's dream,
The cry of the wind on the wooded hill,
The leap of the fish in the stream.

Here and there we come on touches of description that, with a rigid economy of words, yet bring a poignantly clear picture to the eye :—

When rooks fly homeward
And shadows fall,
When roses fold
On the hay-yard wall,
When blind moths flutter
By door and tree,
Then comes the quiet
Of Christ to me (5).

(2) S. O'Sullivan. (3) T. Boyd. (4) S. O'Sullivan
(5) S. MacCathmaoil.

Again, we find an expression of feeling for Nature that is almost personal in its intensity :—

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal ;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul (6).

One and all they go to Mother Earth for inspiration :—

And the old brown woman answers mild,
" Rest you safe on my breast, O child.
Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle moulder, the blade is rust,
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
Little and lonely,
Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd boy ? (7).

WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE publication of Wagner's autobiography has been looked forward to very eagerly and very keenly discussed, and, as is usual in such cases, a great deal of wild nonsense has been talked about it. We were led to expect sensational revelations about Wagner himself and all kinds of other people. We were told to anticipate information which would revolutionise our opinions about Wagner's works and his contemporaries. Mr. Bruckmann, of Munich, has now published the book in German in two handsome volumes of light blue, embracing nearly nine hundred pages ; but we shall have to wait with what patience we may for the English translation. It will be issued by Messrs. Constable in due course.

Nearly everything we have been told beforehand about the book turns out to be fiction, but none the less it is an invaluable addition not only to Wagner literature, but we may almost say to the literature of biography. It is an extraordinarily interesting book, quite apart from the fascination of the subject. Some time ago a lady who, in spite of the precautions taken by the Wagner family, had seen a copy, announced that it was valueless and badly written. Both statements are very wrongheaded. It is well known that, as a man of letters, Wagner was a Jekyll and a Hyde. He could, as his letters show, write terse, nervous, picturesque, and humorous German, but when he mounted the professorial chair and discoursed on matters of art his style became the *ne plus ultra* of turgid complexity. We have samples of both in the book, but fortunately the professorial pages are comparatively very few in number.

The great merit of the book is that it gives an extraordinarily vivid and life-like picture of Wagner, far more so than any other book that has been written about him. Not only that, it shows a Wagner quite different from the impossible creature of convention. It has always been a puzzle how a neurotic, choleric, aggressive, dictatorial egoist such as we have been led to believe him to have been could ever have gained the passionate admiration and affection with which his friends regarded him, and it is still more hard to believe that such a person could have done the

amount of work he did in his lifetime, or could ever have carried through a scheme requiring so many qualities of the highest diplomacy as the building of the Bayreuth Theatre. This book makes all these things comparatively clear. We see that, in spite of his excitability and susceptibility, he had an enormous fund of level-headedness and grim determination, which nothing could shake, and a large fund of warm sympathy for all kinds of men and things.

One of the most attractive things about the book is the impression which a reading gives one of being in contact with a personality inspired by a consciousness of pre-eminent strength and of being destined to do a great work in life. The question whether the picture here drawn is true to life or not is sure to be discussed with some violence. It can only be said that if it is not true it is a great work of fiction, better worth reading from that point of view than nine-tenths of the novels which are poured from the Press.

The fact that the story ends in 1864, when Wagner went to Munich in obedience to the summons from the King, robs it of some of what may be called the topical interest, but there is a great deal that is vastly interesting about Wagner's contemporaries, such as the glimpse of Weber acting as cook for his friends at a picnic—the Duke of Wellington in a grey beaver hat with his hands in his trouser-pockets; Joachim and Brahms as enthusiastic youths; Saint-Saëns as a brilliant student; Mr. "Mac Farrine," whom he could not abide, and his overture "Steeple Chase" (by which is meant "Chevy Chase"); and Cipriani Potter, to whom he took a fancy; Spontini, who told him that opera had gone in his own hands as far as it could ever go. Of his musical development Wagner has a good deal to say. He tells us how he first became acquainted with Weber's music by means of a military band, how he was for a time under the spell of Italian opera and "started" "Euryanthe," how he wrote an "extra number" for "Norma," and how he was at first puzzled and repelled by Berlioz's music and then fascinated by it.

He tells us a great deal, too, about his extreme calm when "Tannhäuser" was being hissed in Paris. He felt, he says, as if in a dream and watching some catastrophe of Nature with which he had no near concern. That was his feeling whenever he heard his own music.

The most interesting piece of psychological analysis is a passage in which he describes what he felt when he was being married to Minna Planes. It was, he says, as if his whole self was being carried away by two contending currents, one above the other, the upper one turned to happiness and the sun, the lower rushing towards darkness and disaster. The whole account of his relations with his first wife is curiously judicial. He speaks with gratitude of her heroism during the dark days in Paris, but realises that she had no sympathy with him after his conduct—which she thought unpardonably reckless—had deprived her of the title of Frau Kapellmeisterin, which was the summit of her worldly ambition. It appears that she had more to do with the breaking-off of relations with the Wesendoucks than is clear from the correspondence.

Lovers of "Die Meistersinger" will read with special interest of his walk at Marienbad during which he first had the idea of the Master singing a song, and the mistakes being punctuated by the strokes of the cobbler's hammer. This was the gem of the music drama. He tells us, too, which is not common knowledge, that his first idea was to have all the Valkyries assembled on Brünnhilde's rock in the first Act of "Götterdämmerung."

To conclude, it is one of the books which everybody ought to have read.

A. KALISCH.

(6) Eva Gore Booth.

(7) N. L. P., in "The Native."

REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF LORD GOSCHEN

The Life of George Joachim Goschen, First Viscount Goschen, 1831 to 1907. By the HON. ARTHUR D. ELLIOT. With Portraits. In Two Volumes. (Longmans, Green and Co. 25s. net.)

By SIR WILLIAM BULL

[SECOND NOTICE]

We dealt last week with the first fifty-four years of the life of this devoted public servant, who had risen by sheer merit to a place in the confidence of his Queen and her principal advisers that was almost unique. In the December of 1885, at the express wish of Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, the Queen had put herself into communication with Mr. Goschen, and a long correspondence subsequently took place directly between them. Her Majesty's letters show the great reliance she placed in the patriotism and wisdom of Mr. Goschen.

At the General Election of 1885 the whole Irish Nationalist vote had been thrown—so far, that is, as Mr. Parnell and his colleagues could effect it—upon the Conservative side. The "Hawarden Kite" on Home Rule had changed all this, and when Mr. Gladstone, the Leader of the Opposition, rose to reply to the Address, the ovation he received showed that the centre of gravity had shifted, and that, in the view of the Irish Nationalists at all events, Liberals were to be henceforth led to the support of no mere extension of local government, but to carry out the policy of separating the political nationality of Great Britain and Ireland, for which Mr. Parnell and his associates had so long and so passionately contended. And, here let us remark, Mr. Elliot has brought out his biography at a most opportune time. The political student can learn from his lucid pages how the great struggle of a quarter of a century ago commenced and was carried on.

Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington were beginning to consider what they should do. In spite of Gladstone's dominating personality, they were quite firm from the first that Home Rule would never do; but it was Goschen who appears to have kept Hartington up to the mark: "I spoke to Hartington in the strongest terms—I said it would be disastrous if he disappointed the Liberals in giving them a lead against Home Rule—that we must not think of party." Then came Jesse Collings' "three acres and a cow" amendment. Hartington had made up his mind, and he supported the Government, followed by Goschen and some eighteen or nineteen Liberals. But it was no good; the Liberal party as a whole, backed up by the Parnellites, voted together, and the Salisbury Ministry was at an end in a manner characteristically English, for, as a result of a division which had nothing whatever to do with Home Rule, Gladstone once more found himself Prime Minister—but at a terrific cost.

All the finesse and wavering at that anxious period is admirably depicted by Mr. Elliot, who was an active and militant Member of Parliament at the time. It is partly described in letters from Goschen to his friend Sir Robert Morier, the Ambassador at Petersburg. Hartington was a practical statesman—he was willing to break with his old leader, but he looked ahead. "Are you prepared," he asked, "not merely to condemn Home Rule, but to face the necessary consequences of its rejection?" That was the question. The answer came when Mr. Gladstone, now Prime Minister,

commenced to form his Cabinet. He applied to Hartington, Goschen, James, Bright, Derby, Northbrook, Selborne, and other lifelong Liberals, but they all refused, and Home Rule received its first check.

Mr. Trevelyan, and some others who were known to disapprove of Home Rule as strongly as Lord Hartington, unfortunately took a weaker line in the hope that when Mr. Gladstone's proposals were submitted to the promised examination some practicable and satisfactory prospect might result. Chamberlain's position is shrewdly described—how he came to join the Government and how without inconsistency he left it. Mr. Gladstone's friends thought it was of the utmost importance that the Home Rule scheme when it saw the light should appear to be entirely Mr. Gladstone's own. It would not do to let it be seen too plainly that the Liberal Leader was simply accepting the policy and measure of Mr. Parnell.

One cannot help pausing here to notice how history repeats itself. The course of the next few months was an anxious time for every one. Liberals still desperately hugged the belief that in some way or other the ingenuity of Mr. Gladstone would save the situation. The 8th of April was to clear the air—for on that day the Bill was to be introduced, but on the 27th March the Government received a second blow—Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan both resigned!

Mr. Gladstone, in spite of all this, persevered, and in an eloquent speech of three and a half hours developed his scheme. Then, as usual, everybody poured out into the lobby to talk it over—it is curious how rapidly the House of Commons makes up its mind. The lobby was against the Bill from the first. "I bet this Bill never passes its second reading," muttered a Liberal lawyer. "Done with you," said the undaunted Labouchere, "shall we say a hundred?" "I am no betting man," said the lawyer; "let's make it a guinea," which he valiantly doubled a fortnight later and won! Lord Hartington took the lead of the dissentients, to the great joy and satisfaction of his unselfish henchman. Strenuous nights and days followed—fierce argument in the House—reams of correspondence in the Press—meetings here, there, and everywhere. It was plain the country would not stand the tearing-up of the Act of Union, and on June 8th there was a majority of 30 against the Bill. It is interesting to read in the light of history how Gladstone triumphantly pointed to the success of Home Rule in Austria-Hungary, Sweden and Norway, since the latter twain have peacefully drifted into separate nations, and it is thought by many that at the end of the present reign Austria and Hungary may do the same.

But the victory was not won without cost. Goschen was beaten in East Edinburgh and Trevelyan in the Border Boroughs, very much as the uncle of the latter, Lord Macaulay, had been beaten nearly forty years before. Gladstone paid a generous tribute to his old friend and new opponent in a letter to Granville:—"Goschen supplies soul, brains and movement to the body. Can Hartington get him a seat? Can he form a Government without him? Ought we to wish for a Salisbury or a Hartington Government?" It was round Goschen that the Unionist Alliance was really formed.

Writing to Goschen on July 24th, 1886, Hartington said: "Lord Salisbury came to me this morning to tell me that he wished to tell the Queen that he thought I ought to form a Government." . . . [In the event of refusal] "It is possible that there may be a further offer to some of us to join him, but I do not much expect it. My answer is a refusal to both proposals. He said that if I declined he hoped I would let him talk over politics with me. I mentioned your name, but I could not gather whether he was

likely to ask you separately or not." There were some among the Liberal Unionists who thought it essential that Mr. Goschen should accept office in Salisbury's Cabinet, as he would "form a bridge" between Lord Salisbury's followers and those of Lord Hartington.

Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," avers that many of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues had never been Radicals, or even Liberals, in the real sense. Mr. Bright had pointed out years before, in a letter to a friend, when Mr. Goschen was taken into a Liberal Cabinet, that Mr. Goschen had never really been a Liberal in principles at all, and predicted that he would one day be found a leading member of a Tory Administration. Randolph Churchill had always been against Goschen. Colonel Hozier, the Liberal Unionist Secretary, who honestly thought that if Goschen were to enter the Cabinet it would be the ruin of the moderate Liberal party, writing on the 29th July, says, "I am delighted to hear you are not going into office," and he repeats the current gossip that Lord Salisbury had been dissuaded by Lord Randolph Churchill from carrying out his intention to invite Goschen's assistance.

The new Parliament opened on the 19th August, Mr. Gladstone, once more in Opposition, following the proposer and seconder of the Address, and being followed by Lord Randolph Churchill, now Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.

Goschen writes in his irregularly-kept diary:—"Churchill's selection or self-selection for the Commons Leadership is to me a staggerer. I regret it deeply, for it is a premium on the arts by which he has risen into notoriety. I dare say he will steady down, but as he imitates Dizzy at a distance, so men of even lower morale may imitate Churchill."

Lord Randolph's resignation is told of in detail, also how Goschen, "whom he had forgotten," was appointed Chancellor in his place. The Queen, with unusual enthusiasm in matters political, writes:—"The Queen rejoices to see Mr. Goschen her Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Here he was undoubtedly in his element—his financial training, his experience in the City and at the Bank of England, and his knowledge of foreign Exchanges all stood him in good stead, and his five Budgets were models of careful finance. There is no room here to discuss his greatest work—the conversion of the National Debt. Major Coates, M.P. (himself no mean authority), once remarked to the writer, "It is so easy to job backwards," and it is easy now, twenty-one years after, to criticise the conversion, but it is doubtful if Goschen were living now whether he would be quite of the same mind, or would be satisfied with the success of his scheme. It is made abundantly clear that it was Goschen's courage and immediate grasp of the situation which saved the Baring crisis from being turned into a disaster before which the Black Friday of Overend and Gurney would have been a bagatelle.

On the death of W. H. Smith from late hours and over-work the Leadership in the Commons became vacant. Salisbury, in writing to Goschen, said he had all the qualities required except one, and that was that he was not a member of the political party which furnishes the largest portion of the Unionist phalanx. If he had joined the Carlton earlier there is no doubt the leadership would have gone to him, but it is equally certain that he served his party and his country better by being in no hurry. He once more stood aside and cordially approved of Mr. Balfour: "I have been quite convinced lately that Balfour was the man who should at a most important moment be able to command the enthusiastic support of all Unionists." Balfour wrote to him:—"I wish I could think that under

any circumstances I could even hope to render half the services that you have done to the *Conservative* party." As usual, Mr. Balfour struck the right note. The General Election of July, 1892, resulted in a victory for Mr. Gladstone, who became Prime Minister for the fourth time. Mr. Elliot states that this Government fell on a trumpery and almost accidental division on the Army Estimates. This we do not think was the case. We have conversed with the chief actors in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that the snap division on *cordite* was most ably and deliberately planned. Lord Salisbury was now in a position to call to his aid all the Liberal Unionist leaders, and the country was not surprised when they accepted the responsibilities of office:—

The alliance of Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington—most honourable to both—began at the Opera House in 1886, became in 1895 a combination and a junction of forces which, so long as Home Rule remained the great issue between political parties, secured the maintenance of the Union, with the approval of the great mass of the people, whilst at the same time it prevented recourse to the reactionary policy still in favour with a section of the old Tory party.

Hicks Beach became Chancellor, and Goschen, greatly to his taste, returned to his old post at the Admiralty. He was at the helm through Cleveland's electioneering manifesto about Venezuela, and after the Jameson Raid quietly ordered sufficient ships to Delagoa Bay to prevent, if need be, any landing of German troops in South Africa on the pretext of protecting German property and interests at Pretoria. It was Goschen who founded Dartmouth College and abandoned the old *Britannia*.

We are disappointed that Mr. Elliot does not tell us a little more about the taking of Port Arthur, and why the British squadron sailed and left it to the Russians just as their fleet were preparing to haul up their anchors and leave. This is a mystery that history has not yet dealt with, and we should like to have heard Mr. Elliot's version of the affair. During the Boer War it was Goschen's work at the Admiralty that enabled us to keep open the routes whereby a quarter of a million troops were safely transported over 6,000 miles from their base—a feat unparalleled in history.

The last few pages of the book are devoted to the Tariff Reform question. As Mr. Hope says in his delightful "History of the 1900 Parliament," he (Mr. Hope) makes "no claim to impartiality of judgment." Such a pretension, hazardous enough in the mouth of any writer of contemporary history, would be grotesque in the case of a militant politician. Mr. Elliot, it is true, is not a militant politician, but the able editor of a great review with large influence. He makes no secret—indeed, it would be impossible for him to do so—as to which side he is on. He gives the story of the Tariff Reform movement clearly and sincerely from his point of view and Goschen's, but, whilst endeavouring to be strictly fair, the events are too recent to be put into proper perspective, and as this critic is a militant politician he forbears to criticise.

The book comes to an end somewhat abruptly, but we have enjoyed reading every line of it. It tells the story of a great and modest Englishman who devoted his long life to the service of his country, and, while having a fair share of healthy ambition, never hesitated to sacrifice himself when necessary. Mr. Elliot has presented us with a successful portrait of the statesman, if not of the man, and we are under a debt of gratitude to him for showing us how Goschen served his country again and again at great crises in her history. His book is a worthy monument to a great man.

(Concluded.)

TWO WARRIORS OF OLD JAPAN

Saito Musashi-Bo Benkei. (Tales of the Wars of the Gempei.)

By JAMES S. DE BENNEVILLE. Two Vols. Illustrated.
(Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 16s. net.)

MR. DE BENNEVILLE has given us, for the first time in English, a full account of the Wars of the Gempei or the struggle between the Minamoto and the Taira clans. He has based his work upon such Japanese sources as the "Gempei Seisuki," the "Heike Monogateri," the "Musashi-bo Benkei," the "Yoshitsune Kunko Zue," &c., with the excellent result that every page is steeped in the spirit of Old Japan of the twelfth century. In Nippon these party wars have been dealt with from a literary point of view in such a voluminous manner that the present author is to be congratulated on not only attacking so formidable a task, but also upon bringing his work to a successful issue. Without in any way under-estimating the book before us, we are inclined to think that there is still room for a little boiling down if such a theme, abounding in so many fascinating stories of war and love, is to make anything like a popular appeal. We note that the present work is dedicated to the author's little children, but we are afraid that only grown-up children with a more than usually good memory for names (Japanese names of many syllables) are likely to appreciate this work as a whole. The author's Preface is very diffuse, and it seems rather beside the mark for him to give us an introduction of nearly 140 pages for the purpose of surveying the legend and history up to the period when our two warriors, Yoshitsune and Benkei, appear on the scene. The interest of this book, to an English reader at any rate, is biographical rather than historical. No follower of Darwin, even in an age when publishers insist on introductions, need go further back than Dickens's remark in "Dombey and Son"—"I am born." But apart from this lavish display of rather unnecessary information and a lack of knitting the incidents closely together without a host of long-named nobodies, we have little reason for complaint and very much to be grateful for. It is a great pity in a valuable work of this kind that the author should not have restrained the bad habit of using words that jar. "Chunky, slab-sided woman" is not good English, and it is rather appalling to learn that "Susa scotches the snake." Perhaps it is too much to expect the author to bring reverence to his task, but occasionally he gets carried away by his flippancy and exceeds the bounds of good taste.

Viewing the salient features of this book—that is, Yoshitsune and Benkei—we are forced to admit that we must go far to find their equals, much less their superiors, in our own country. We may compare, as our author does, Yoshitsune with the Black Prince or Henry V., and Benkei with "Little-John, Will Scarlet, and Friar Tuck rolled into one;" but these comparisons are very disappointing. Benkei would have made an excellent subject for Mr. Rider Haggard's pen. Yoshitsune would have seemed a very remarkable hero had not his faithful henchman, Benkei, also figured in Japanese history. As it is we are forced to admit that Benkei was far and away the greater man. He not only towered in stature above his companions, but he rose above his brethren in courage, wit, resource, and a wonderful tenderness. Here was a man who could slay a hundred men with absolute ease, and with the same quiet assurance expound the Buddhist scriptures. He could weep over Yoshitsune when, by way of strategy, he found it necessary to severely beat him, and with infinite gentleness render assistance when his lord's wife gave birth to a son. There was yet another side to Benkei's versatile character, his love of a practical joke. The bell incident is a case in point, and

his enormous feast at the expense of a number of priests another; but if he had his joke, he never failed to willingly pay for the laugh to the full. Benkei remarked on one occasion: "When there is an unlucky lot to draw, my lord sees to it that I am the one to get it." This was remarkably true. Benkei always made a point of doing the dirty work, and when his master asked him to do anything, Benkei's only complaint was that the task was not sufficiently difficult, though, as a matter of fact, it was often so dangerous that it would have frightened a dozen less gifted heroes.

Benkei, according to one account, had a god for a father and O'Haya for a mother, but unfortunately this pretty notion is upset by another version that sweeps away the miraculous and reveals the far from moral excellence of a certain Buddhist temple. However, we are told that when Benkei was born he had long hair, a complete set of teeth, and, moreover, that he could run as swiftly as the wind. Benkei was too big for a modest Japanese home. When he struck Jinsaku's anvil, that useful object sunk deep into the earth, and for firewood he would bring a great pine-tree. It was not long before Benkei asked O'Haya who his father was. Having ascertained the truth, he set off not with the desire of bringing his father to account, but with the utilitarian idea of obtaining support from the hot-blooded Bensho in order that he might play like other children, and banish all possibility of doing any work.

When Benkei was seventeen years old he was serving in a Buddhist temple. One night upon returning from Roku-hara, the Administrative office in Miyako, whither he had been sent to deliver a message, he was about to seek rest in a mountain shrine when he heard the sharp cry of a woman in pain. Peeping out Benkei saw that a number of men had kidnapped a young and beautiful girl. Benkei, swinging round an uprooted sapling, soon made short work of the robbers. The girl, Tamamushi, not a little embarrassed, thanked her brave knight. Unfortunately, however, as far as Mrs. Grundy is concerned, clouds hid the moon, and a thunderstorm came on. Benkei and the girl took shelter, and, to put it delicately, and in the Japanese manner, they exchanged pillows with the best intention of getting married later on. But this was not to be. A few months later Benkei was destined to see Tamamushi take her life before his very eyes.

Now we find Benkei breaking away from priestcraft, or rather allying it with that of a warrior. He became known as the Tengu Bozu. He desired to collect a thousand swords, and for this purpose he lay in wait for knights as they crossed the Gojo bridge. He had easily secured all but one sword, and now impatiently waited to accomplish his task. One night, while standing on the bridge, he heard the sound of a flute. He was not long in finding an adversary who put to shame the many cowardly knights preceding him. The Tengu Bozu had to deal with a young man who was agile in the extreme. For the first time Benkei was defeated, and the giant learnt that the name of his victor was Yoshitsune. Benkei begged the young man to take him as his retainer, to lead him and other of the Minamoto against the Taira.

When Yoshitsune and Benkei, at the head of the Minamoto host had finally vanquished the Taira at the sea-fight of Dan-no-ura, we should have expected that our two warriors would have received due recognition for their services. Yoshitsune's brother, Yoritomo, was Shogun, and held the *buké* and *kugé* in his hand. Yoritomo grew jealous of his more illustrious brother, and sought to kill him. Yoshitsune and Benkei were forced to fly the country. We follow them across the sea, over mountains, outwitting again and again those sent out to catch them. At Mutsu a great army was sent out against these unfortunate warriors. Camp-fires stretched in a glittering line about the last resting-place of

Yoshitsune and Benkei. In an apartment stood Yoshitsune with his wife and little child. Death stood in the room, too, and it was better that Death should come at the order of Yoshitsune than at the order of the enemy without the gate. His little child was killed by an attendant, and, holding his beloved wife's head under his left arm, he plunged his sword deep into her throat. Having accomplished these things, Yoshitsune committed *hara-kiri*. Benkei, however, faced the enemy. He stood with his great legs apart, his back pressed against a rock. Never had he looked so fierce as he grimly guarded the ford. When the dawn came he was still standing with his legs apart, a thousand arrows in that great brave body of his. Benkei was dead, but his was a death too strong to fall. The sun shone on a man who was a true hero, who had ever made good his own words: "Where my lord goes, to victory or to death, I shall follow him."

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH

The American Commonwealth. By JAMES BRYCE. In Two Volumes. New Edition, Completely Revised Through-out, with Additional Chapters. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

FOREMOST among the historical philosophers of the day stands the British Ambassador at Washington, who, long before he had adopted diplomacy as a profession, had shown himself a master of the constitutions and organisations of foreign states, ancient, mediæval, and modern. The Holy Roman Empire and the United States of America are the two great national organisations which Mr. Bryce has studied most deeply, and his great works on these two subjects were admitted without question immediately on publication within the jealously-guarded circle of the classics. "The American Commonwealth" was first published in 1888. Five or six years later a new edition of this monumental work, amplified and extended in many respects, was issued, and now a further edition has appeared. Since the last edition was published Mr. Bryce has spent some years in the United States as British Ambassador, and he has thus had still further opportunities of studying the constitution, organisation, and life of the great country to which he is accredited. The results of these studies have been incorporated in the volumes now under notice.

In 1910 [so he writes in his Preface] I find that so many changes have taken place in the United States that a further complete revision has become necessary, and that some note ought to be taken of certain new phenomena in American politics and society. In this edition, accordingly, there have been introduced, sometimes in the text, sometimes in supplementary notes, concise descriptions of such phenomena.

There are in addition, however, four chapters which are entirely new. One deals with the extensions of territory which the United States have acquired during the last two decades and with the consequent effects on the foreign policy of the Union. A second treats of the immigration into the United States during the same period. Another new chapter deals with the negro problem in North America in its latest phases, and the fourth with the remarkable development of the American Universities within recent years. The chapter on Municipal Government, which was contributed to the first edition by Mr. Seth Low, formerly Mayor of New York, has been entirely rewritten by the same authority.

In these chapters alone, apart from the remainder of the two volumes, much light is thrown on many problems, and the interested reader is given many an opportunity for thought and reflection. It is impossible in this review to

attempt to follow a tithe of the trains of thought to which Mr. Bryce's illuminating pages give rise. It should be sufficient if a fact or a reflection is picked out here and there and placed before the reader as illustrations of the contents of these two volumes, which are in themselves sufficient to represent the life's work of any thinker. In the chapter on immigration the great change which is overtaking the racial composition of the American people is put vividly forward. Until 1890 about one-third of the inhabitants of the United States were of Celtic—mostly Irish—origin and the remainder Teutonic. Since that date, however, the conditions have been entirely altered. New elements have come in overwhelmingly, and of these new elements the great majority have belonged to the Roman Church. Thus not only have the two great racial divisions in which Americans could hitherto have been classed been upset, but the Roman Catholic element in the population has gradually been encroaching on the others. America has been fitly described as the melting-pot, and out of this same melting-pot there is already issuing a new race which differs in many respects from the old. At present the fusion is by no means complete, and thus we learn that—"In parts of New Jersey and southern New York one may, in asking one's way along the roads, find hardly any one who can speak either English or German. So in Pennsylvania the Bible Society distributes copies of the New Testament in forty-two languages, while forty-nine are said to be spoken in New York City," and so on to a similar effect. Despite this wonderful combination of diverse elements on American soil, Mr. Bryce has no fears for the future of the American people. Among the most dissimilar races Americanisation goes on apace. The children of the immigrants "mix with the native inhabitants, grow up speaking English, and mostly forget their own language before they reach manhood. So far from desiring to remember it and to cling to their old nationality, they are eager to cast these away and to become in every sense Americans."

The chapter on the present and future of the negro is especially interesting. Such a passage as the following throws more light on the true inwardness of the negro problem than could be gained from the perusal of newspapers spread over decades:

Those who have housework to do, or who live in the few and small towns, pick up some knowledge of white ways and imitate them to the best of their power. But the great mass remain in their notions and their habits much what their ancestors were in the forests of the Niger or the Congo. Suddenly, even more suddenly than they were torn from Africa, they find themselves not only freed, but made full citizens and active members of the most popular Government the world has seen, treated as fit to bear an equal part in ruling, not themselves only, but also their recent masters. Rights which the agricultural labourers of England did not obtain till 1885, were in 1867 thrust upon these children of nature, whose highest form of pleasure had hitherto been to caper to the strains of a banjo.

This passage of course relates only to the negroes of the Southern States, but it comprises practically the whole of the black population of the Union. The Christianity professed by large numbers of these negroes is often little more than nominal, and bears but a faint resemblance to the faith which is known by the same designation elsewhere. In some of the most out-of-the-way negro districts, not merely have the old heathen superstitions been retained, "but there have been relapses into the Obeah rites and serpent-worship of African heathendom. How far this has gone no one can say. There are parts of the lower Mississippi valley as little explored, so far as the mental and moral condition of the masses is concerned, as are the banks of the Congo and the Benin." On the other hand some of the

negroes of America have attained to a relatively high state of culture, equal and often superior to that of a very large number of the whites. There is, however, an impassable gulf which separates the most cultured black men from any of the whites, and even the former are now becoming reconciled to its inevitable permanence. Mr. Bryce holds that the negroes will concentrate in the Southern seaboard States. Such concentration will diminish the risk of collision, and probably tend towards a greater equanimity on the part of the blacks. On the other hand, "contact with the whites is the chief condition for the progress of the negro," and isolation will mean a corresponding mental and moral retardation.

A detailed consideration of the innumerable ideas which Mr. Bryce sets moving in the minds of his readers would easily fill a volume. The foregoing brief references must, however, suffice for the present purpose. If they interest those who read them, and send them to the volumes themselves, they will have fulfilled their purpose. Before we conclude we cannot, however, forbear one further quotation, this from the Preface, which sums up the whole of the new portions of the work as they appear to their author:—

It was with some anxiety that I entered on this revision, fearing lest the hopeful spirit with which my observation of American institutions from 1870 to 1894 had inspired me might be damped by a close examination of their more recent phases. But all I have seen and heard during the last few years makes me more hopeful for the future of popular government. The forces working for good seem stronger to-day than they have been for the last three generations.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Lay Morals, and Other Papers. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

WHEN we reflect that seventeen years have passed since Stevenson's death, we cannot but think that Time, prince of destructive critics, has dealt very gently with the reputation of that distinguished writer. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that during his lifetime Stevenson was lavishly over-praised, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, was studiously praised for attributes that he did not possess. By his contemporary friends Stevenson was regarded as an inspired writer of romances and the possessor of a fine prose style, but it is becoming increasingly clear that he was neither one nor the other. His stories were carefully planned, ingenious, entertaining, but they lacked that speed, that breathlessness that prevents the reader from noticing the machinery that drives the wheels of romance. It is only necessary to set "Kidnapped" or "Catriona" against one of the earlier romances of Mr. Stanley Weyman, to realise how little Stevenson was gifted in this manner of writing. It is another instance of a Hamlet seeking to create Hotspurs, and in consequence we feel no surprise on recognising the anxious features of our Scotch moralist under the tattered finery of Alan Breck. Stevenson was far too much concerned in the struggle between his vagabond temperament and his Puritan conscience to devote himself whole-heartedly to love and fighting and adventure as a good writer of romances should. Nevertheless he was attracted to this kind of composition, partly, we fancy, because being sprung from a distinguished family of engineers he thought he would find himself in the literature of action, and partly because throughout his life he retained the little boy's love for toy swords.

As for his style, it had every merit but that essential ease which every writer must retain, even while he is learning

to keep it under control. His picturesque sentences force the reader to be conscious of the ingenious hand that wrote them, and his careful mannerisms prevent his books from achieving an existence independent of his personality. While we pause to admire his sly Scotticisms, his judicious derangement of epithets and the poise and rhythm of his phrases, the story not unnaturally falters; and it is for this reason that we prefer his essays, where an individual and self-conscious style is an advantage, and his letters, where he often wrote as happily and carelessly as a schoolboy, to his romances which go with a verbal and metaphysical limp where they ought to carry us off our feet, and at best only attain to the crippled agility of a John Silver. Mr. Edmund Gosse, we believe, has somewhere expressed the opinion that it is by his correspondence and his essays that Stevenson will live. We would certainly add his poems—the most original section of all his work and oddly underrated by most of his admirers—and two or three of his short stories to the list. In such a story as "A Lodging for the Night" his vividness of imagination and his sympathy with the vagabondage of Villon have enabled him to achieve the necessary illusion in spite, it might be said, of his quibbling turn of words.

But all this is to miss Stevenson's true value for his readers, which lies in the autobiographical nature of all his work rather than in any merit he may have possessed as a creative artist. Like Pepys, he was his own Boswell, and whether he set out to write a romance, an essay, or a poem, he always ended by writing about himself. He is one of those writers whose personality appeals to us more than the particular manner in which they seek to express it, and it is natural that his work should be judged by the worth and interest of the character therein revealed. And here, happily, we are on more grateful ground. For after all the confessions that crowd the pages of his books, after the many criticisms of his friends and his enemies, he still lives for us a gallant and lovable figure of a man. His popularity may be held to reflect the broad humanity of his nature; and just as it has been said that we all have something of Willoughby Patterne in us, so it is to be hoped that we all have something of Stevenson in us as well. For he was above all things a brave fighter, and if we must agree with Henley that in Stevenson Jekyll never wholly succeeded in overcoming Hyde, we may take pleasure in the fact that both sides of his nature fought with superb courage. He fought his ill-health, and even more he fought the effects of his lamentable Scotch upbringing, better calculated to produce Cabinet Ministers than men of letters; and if these were not the chivalrous opponents his romantic nature would have chosen, for us his courage is not the less admirable. All the evidence goes to prove that it is easier to lead an army into battle than to endure the toothache, and Stevenson's battlefields are only petty in the eyes of the unintelligent.

Judged from this standpoint, as presenting the inner life and aspirations of a human being sufficiently typical to be of interest to us all, nearly the whole of Stevenson's work is important, for the man is as much displayed in his fragments and his failures as in his finished works. It is on this account that we are prepared to welcome the publication in the volume under notice of much immature work that might seem in the case of another writer to be impertinent. It contains the first unrevised chapters of a projected treatise on ethics, a few early essays of no special merit, the opening chapters of three unfinished romances, and the famous open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde on Father Damien—a letter which we seem to remember Stevenson afterwards regretted having written. Hitherto these papers have only been available in the two fine collected editions, and lovers of Stevenson who have bought his books one at a time—as

lovers generally do buy their books—will be glad of the opportunity to complete their collection. "Lay Morals" is Stevenson with a vengeance in his most didactic mood, and might almost have been written by any one who had a thorough knowledge of his work. As for the other papers, we confess to a partiality for the outspoken disgust of the letter on Father Damien, while "The Great North Road," though not to be compared with the masterly fragment of "Weir of Hermiston," looks as if it would have developed into a pleasant, boyish yarn.

The essays are interesting, as showing from what unpromising materials he derived his ultimate style—by playing, as he told us with unwise candour, the "sedulous ape" to Hazlitt, Sir Thomas Browne, and a number of others. It is true that every author has to learn to write, but we have always felt that with Stevenson the process was too conscious, that he was not, in the fullest sense of the word, born to be a writer at all. His papers on the art of writing compete for futility, in our opinion, with Poe's well-known essay on the same lines; and while we may credit Poe with knowing better than he wrote, there is, unfortunately, no reason to doubt Stevenson's sincere belief in his disastrous theories. Nevertheless, by force of character, by sheer hard work, and especially by aid of his enthusiastic interest in himself—an interest that it would be unjust to call vanity—he won for himself an enviable position among the men of letters of his day; and that day is not yet over.

"IN LOCO CAMBRIGIENSIS"

Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely. By EDWARD CONYBEARE. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

It would be difficult to state precisely why, but there is a charm spun about Cambridge that is the more potent because it is so indefinable. University to University Oxford woos with perhaps a more imperious gesture. County to county there are a dozen counties that would stride past Cambridge in the race for interest. The University may not be so kingly, but it wins home with a softer and surer touch. We cannot but think that poor Jude would not have felt quite so thrust-away there as he did in the sister University lying on the fringe of Wessex. We feel that while Oxford may be lustrous with Jacobean memories, it was in Cambridge that Spenser and Wordsworth strode. So with the county. In a land of billowy hills and beautiful dells it is distinctive for its marshy flatness. The picture arises in our mind that Carlyle drew of Cromwell coming up to the Long Parliament with rugged face through a misty, marshy scene, and we understand something of its strange charm.

But if Mr. Conybeare is blest with Cambridge for a subject, Cambridge has no reason for unhappiness with him as its exponent. He does not come to us a stranger to his subject. His "History of Cambridgeshire" and his "Rides Around Cambridge" are books that are not unknown to Cambridge enthusiasts. Yet were these books not standing to his credit such sentences as these from his preface would prove his qualification. He says:—

The highways of Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely are usually regarded as unattractive compared with those of England in general. Nor is the criticism wholly unfair. The country does lack the features which make for picturesque rural scenery. There are no high hills, little even of undulation, and, what is yet more fatal, a sad

sparsity of timber. The highways, then, seem to the traveller merely stretches of ground to be got over as speedily as may be, and he rejoices that their flatness lends itself so well to this end.

It is, however, far otherwise with the byways. These abound with picturesque nooks and corners. In every village features are to be found—thatched and timbered cottages, hedgerow elms, bright willow-shaded water-courses, old-time village greens, and, above all, old-time village churches, often noble, and never without artistic and historical interest of high order. Few counties better repay exploration than Cambridgeshire.

How true this is the briefest holiday in Cambridge would make manifest. And if there wanted a more immediate testimony, the most cursory glance at Mr. Griggs' illustrations would suffice. How delightfully they are conceived in the very spirit of the place is evident in each of his sketches; but as examples of his two most pronounced methods of work his sketch of Ashwell, with near shade and far sun, and his sketch of the billowy quaintness of Swavesey, may be mentioned, not to speak of the idyllic rusticity of the cottage at Rampton.

It is to be expected that Mr. Conybeare should proceed directly with the University. He would have done better in this section not to have been at such pains to "write down" to his reader. The man who needs to be told that the coxswain of a boat's crew is usually termed cox, and that moreover in the dignity of a footnote, is scarcely the man who would purchase this book. It may, perhaps, have been necessary to inform his reader once that the chief of King's is called Provost, not Master, and that the chief of Queens' is called President; but it is scarcely necessary to repeat this information. The worst results of this method is that thereby he loses that most valuable of all things in such a book as this—atmosphere. Nothing destroys atmosphere quite so speedily as explanation.

All the Colleges are dealt with in turn, and some of the history of each is given. And as Mr. Conybeare escorts us through one and another of them the mind is hallowed with history and legend. Something of the same mood is awoken in us as stirred in Wordsworth when he sang:—

I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
Of generations of illustrious men,
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that enclosure old.
That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.

Before our eyes too, as before his, pass the figures of Newton, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and of lesser names, with more besides that have succeeded since his day—Tennyson, Ted Fitzgerald, Thackeray. It would be the highest of possible praise to say that Mr. Conybeare deals adequately with his subject here; yet he wins it.

Leaving the University, he proceeds to a perambulation of the county in general; and though we feel that he is scarcely at home away from the 'Varsity precincts, yet his treatment of the circumambient country lacks nothing of charm and interest. Even as with his detailed account of the University, he loses no item of historical interest in the routes he chooses. Taking Cambridge as his centre, he leads us out North, South, East, and West by road on road, dealing with the Byways through the Highways. Thus he not only deals adequately with the whole county, but formulates a "plan of attack" for the prospective tourist into whose hands this book shall fall. It is perhaps when he gets to Ely that we find him at his best.

We have already spoken of Mr. Griggs' illustrations, but we cannot close any review of this book without drawing

particular attention to them. The book is worth purchasing if only for the pleasure and instruction to be achieved from a close examination of them. This is a day when the illustrator's art is receiving very close attention, and when delicate work is no rarity. But Mr. Griggs' illustrations are more than merely choice; they show that far rarer quality of judgment. The illustration on page 57, for instance, depicts Clare College in the distance, with an excellent suggestion of lightness—that is craftsmanship; but the infinite value that is given to this by the dark pillar and portico of King's immediately to the right is above all craft—it is instinct. So, too, the beautiful choice of position for Emmanuel College on page 157; so, too, the balancing of weight in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on page 135. This judgment gives a rare value to an illustration. To praise the *format*, binding and printing of the book would be a late function, for the series is not unknown, and these excellences are recognised as attributes of it. It is certainly an invaluable book, especially for visitors to Cambridge.

SPORT AND A SPORTSMAN

A Medley of Sport. By J. M. M. B. DURHAM (Marshman). Illustrated. (Gibbings and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHAT a strange thing sport is, and what a strange fascination it has! To read or think of fish kicking and gasping on a sunny bank, or of a heavily wounded pheasant fluttering into dense bush to die a slow, pitiless death, or of a deer fleeing in terror before the tamed and domesticated descendants of prairie wolves, is to experience a shuddering sense of revulsion. The cooler judgment forbids such exercises as either atavism or depravity, according to the philosophical standpoint adopted. Yet the sense yearns towards them. The eager chase is always a delight, and there is infallibly a charm in reading of such furious joys.

Whatever the instinct to which Mr. Durham appeals, there can be little doubt as to the excellence of his equipment or his capacity to deal with the subject. There seem to be few branches of "sport" in which he has not participated. Moreover, the veldt has been laid under fee to satisfy his zest no less than the humbler fields of England and Ireland. Nevertheless, the book is not all that it might be, for its substance is but scrappy at the best, and it is not enlivened as frequently as it should be with the fine flavour of a good "yarn." There are only two manners of sporting books. There is the work of *technique*, occupying itself with the craft of the thing, equipment, skill, and site; and there is the book that passes from tale to tale, from anecdote to anecdote, and from recital to recital. It is to the latter *genus* that Mr. Durham's book belongs; but its fund of anecdote is not very capacious, and—a much more considerable thing—neither is it as pungent as it might be.

Still, despite this fault, even if Mr. Durham has not given us a book of stories of such rich flavour which we shall prize tenderly for after-dinner recital, the book has its pleasure all the same, though it be of a quieter and soberer order. It is rather a book to be read peaceably over the fire; it is not the type of book that compels one to seek the first possible comrade for the retailing of a capital story. Yet such books have their uses no less than their more excitable companions. There is, however, an excellent account in this quiet order of a certain tame-stag hunt. Not that it is the recital of any exceptional episode. In fact its virtue is that it recounts what must surely be common in that form of sport. At any rate, the present writer can lend

his testimony to the tale as being typical of the various tame-stag hunts he has seen. He tells of "a heavy-looking stag" who, after being uncared, bestows a "benign and kindly glance upon his would-be pursuers," and forthwith proceeds to "nibble at the tender young shoots of a thorn-bush within a yard of the Master, towards whom he appeared to entertain a great affection." Evidently, whatever enmity man chose to display towards him, he was determined to set him a better example. Not the most furious whip-flicking could wake him to a run. Somewhat characteristically it took the fiendish inventiveness of a small boy to fetch a trot out of him. Even then it was but to a short distance. Finally, however, they managed to get him into a run. But by the time the hounds were well after him he had eluded them and was once again quietly nibbling his mid-day meal in an adjacent lane. And then, when one of the huntsmen dismounted so as to whip him again into activity, the gently disposed stag promptly proceeded to fraternise with the riderless gelding! Apparently the Master of the hunt in question seemed to imagine that this was not sport. We are inclined to agree with him. Tame-stag hunting certainly is not sport.

Some of the best chapters in the book are those in which Mr. Durham is engaged in the mere business of slaying. His chapter "A Cold Fowling Cruise," particularly the portion in which he describes his experiences on the "15-ton yawl *Seameu*," is quite admirable. So is his chapter "Yuletide on a 15-tonner," which somewhat precedes it in the sequence of the narrative, but which evidently deals with the same occasion. In these he is very finely occupied with the fight against wind and tide in which Man shows to best advantage—if, that is to say, he have any virtue in him. Even here he is seldom aroused to any real "gusto," being rather content to tell his tale in a peaceable sort of a way. This peaceable manner, together with a great sameness of material, serve to erase from the book that fine high excitement that one rather looks for in books of this nature. After all one fox-hunt is very much the same as another. The only real distinction that can be made between them is a question of striking anecdote, and that, as we have said, is lacking. One may perpetuate the high ardour of the chase infinitely: that is one thing; but to reproduce it *ad perpetuum* in a book is quite another. Nevertheless, readers of "A Medley of Sport" may rely on a certain quiet pleasure, if not that keener zest and anecdotal glory.

AWAKENING ASIA

An Eastern Miscellany. By the EARL OF RONALDSHAY, M.P. (William Blackwood and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

In a letter to the *Times* a few days ago it was suggested by Mr. John Murray that if Members of Parliament are to receive salaries they should be called on to furnish proof of their qualifications in the same way that all other persons who receive salaries from the public purse are required to do. The idea is a fascinating one, and should not be lost sight of, but can only be touched upon here to point a moral. The varied and extensive knowledge of Asia, based on personal observation, Lord Ronaldshay has acquired in the course of his travels, gives him a better title to be heard on Asiatic subjects than talkative sections who are generally so ready with their opinions on every topic under the sun.

The subjects dealt with in this book are mainly topographical, economic, and political, with the exception of the chapter on "A Siberian Mystery," which, in spite of its

interest, appears somewhat out of place. Many of the chapters have seen the light before in the shape of speeches, addresses, and magazine articles, but are not the less welcome, though in some places they might have been rewritten with advantage. The views of the author on the Baghdad railway in 1904, for instance, have somewhat lost their interest in view of recent developments, and might have been brought up to date with advantage.

In the chapter on Modes of Asiatic Travel the author shows a practical acquaintance with the various methods to be found in Asia, from dashing along in a Russian tarantass to the slow progress of a Yak that wanders along at the rate of two miles an hour at an elevation of 16,000ft. above the sea. Like everybody else he found a camel "chiefly a cause to blaspheme," which reminds one of the old Jesuit Father who described the camel as "a four-legged animal of strange appearance and worse smells." A journey on foot across the Himalayas in mid-winter, and a three months' solitary ride from Quetta to Meshed across "a thirsty and waterless land robed in an eternal garb of drab," sufficiently show that Lord Ronaldshay is no mere fair-weather traveller.

The best part of the book is that which deals with India. A very careful account is given of the revolutionary changes forced upon the Indian Government by Lord Morley, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Lord Minto has allowed the Viceregal authority to be encroached upon by the Secretary of State. It would be interesting to know where the responsibility lies for the tardiness in dealing with a "poisonous and unbridled Press," and for the weakness displayed in dealing with convicted criminals. "You don't know how to reward, and you don't know how to punish" was the criticism of a friendly native gentleman a good many years ago. What would he say now, when everything is done to destroy English prestige, to discourage the loyal, and to pander to sedition?

The pages in which the writer states the case for commercial reciprocity between India and England are written with especial care, and show close familiarity with the conditions. It is apt to be forgotten that India is, commercially, one of the most self-contained countries in the world. It produces, and very cheaply, everything in the shape of raw products that it requires for itself, and many things that the world cannot obtain elsewhere. It is this that has made India the quicksand in which the gold and silver of Europe have disappeared, from the days of the Roman Empire till now; and when Indian manufactures are once thoroughly established we may see a return to the state of affairs that existed in the days of Akbar and Jehangir, when India imported nothing but jewels, bullion, horses, and a few luxuries for the rich. The history of the Indian cotton Excise duties is one that no Englishman, whether a Free Trader or Tariff Reformer, can read without shame. It was these duties that first gave point to the discontent and unrest that now cause so much anxiety, and they still continue to be a festering sore. It is a reproach against the Unionist Government that during its ten years of office nothing was done to abolish this indefensible impost.

In his chapters on Japan Lord Ronaldshay tries to drive home the lesson that military ascendancy in the Far East is not the only goal of Japanese ambition; commercial and industrial supremacy in Eastern Asia are the objects to which the energy and will of the nation are now being directed, and the struggle for the lordship of the Pacific will be fought out in the factory and the workshop as well as in the dock-yards and arsenals.

There is real poetry in the two and a half pages in which the author relates the impression made on him by the great Buddha of Kamakura.

THE SURPRISING CHEVALIER

D'Eon de Beaumont: his Life and Times. By OCTAVE HOMBERG and FERNAND JOUSSELIN. Translated by ALFRED RIEU. Illustrated. (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)

FIFTEEN years have elapsed since Comte Albert Vandal, of the French Academy, dealt a mortal blow to the legend that the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, diplomatist, dragoon, spy, author, and lady of quality, was at one time *lectrice* to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia; and an even longer period has gone by since the Duc de Broglie, also of the Academy, showed the Chevalier in his true colours in regard to other episodes of his chameleonic career. D'Eon, however, found an enthusiastic English biographer in Captain Telfer, whereupon Mr. Ernest Vizetelly entered the lists to renew and accentuate the attacks of the two French Academicians. After that came a pause, and it seemed at last as if the subject of D'Eon were exhausted; but, a few years ago, the original of the work we are noticing appeared in Paris. Mr. Alfred Rieu has now made a capital translation of it, which should appeal to all who are interested in D'Eon and his adventurous life. It is to be noted that, although Mr. Vizetelly's "True Story of the Chevalier d'Eon" is not included in the list of authorities cited by MM. Homberg and Jousselin, they, after proceeding on lines of their own, have arrived at much the same conclusions as he did. They certainly think that there may have been some "substratum of truth" in the legend that D'Eon masqueraded at the Russian Court as a female, even as he masqueraded in England and France in later years, but they adduce no proof whatever to that effect; and on the other hand, reviewing D'Eon's career as a whole, they admit that he was much too eager to improve his fortune, and overstepped the bounds of legitimate ambition. For our part we will add that the Chevalier's self-conceit was extreme, and that, given his ideas of his own importance, there was little chance of success for him in an age when *ramper pour parvenir* was a recognised maxim.

MM. Homberg and Jousselin go too far in claiming that the private papers of D'Eon's which they have used in preparing their work enable them to set "the mystery of his sex" at rest. Since the day of the Chevalier's death in 1810 there has not been the slightest mystery of that description; and, besides, more than half a century has elapsed since Gaillardet printed the medical report on the subject, in the first of what may be called the independent biographies of D'Eon. However, MM. Homberg and Jousselin have certainly had at their disposal a number of papers which throw additional light on some of the Chevalier's doings, particularly in his later years, and on the *engouement* with which he inspired so many of his contemporaries. Slight as may be their historical importance, these particulars are often interesting, and by reason of their presence here the book undoubtedly supplements, in a variety of ways, both the Telfer and the Vizetelly biographies. As the latter were issued several years ago and may not be generally accessible at the present time, we can the better recommend MM. Homberg and Jousselin's work to those readers who may desire to know how a young Burgundian gentleman entered the secret service of Louis XV., became both an aide-de-camp to Marshal de Broglie and a Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of George III., planned an invasion of England, embroiled himself with his superiors, did all sorts of eccentric and surprising things, and at last assumed the character of a spinster lady, and masqueraded as such with astonishing success for many years. The book is illustrated with seven interesting portraits or caricatures of D'Eon, including some which do not figure in the Vizetelly and Telfer volumes, but we are sorry to notice that there is no index.

SOME LIGHT ON THE NEAR EAST

My Balkan Tour: an Account of Some Journeyings in the Near East, together with a Descriptive and Historical Account of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Kingdom of Montenegro. By ROY TREVOR. Illustrated. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

SINCE the ever-smouldering torch of the Balkans is again breaking out into active flame, Mr. Roy Trevor's book comes with peculiar appropriateness at the present moment. Not that the work needs any topical considerations as a stimulus to its perusal. It is, indeed, quite one of the most able productions of its kind that has seen the light for some while past. "My Balkan Tour" may be classed as an all-round book. The merits of its text are rivalled by the excellence of the illustrations, and the whole is enclosed within a suitably artistic cover. From this full measure of praise it need not be implied that the book is faultless. It has merely fulfilled the object of its existence more nearly than the majority of similar works.

There is no doubt that Mr. Trevor is strongly gifted with the power of description. His narrative flows easily, and the numerous fragments of history and legend are introduced with a due sense of sympathy and romance. So much for the craftsmanship of the volume. But there are few enough authors who are blessed with a canvas such as this upon which to weave their story. What a journey that was upon which the Mercédès car embarked! Or was it not rather a voyage—an adventurous sailing through oceans of mountain and lakes of valley that had never before suffered the pressure of a tyre? Certainly a breakdown in the midst of all this was almost as serious as a shipwreck at sea.

Thanks to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina the author was enabled to traverse in safety districts that but little more than a year ago were only to be entered by unprotected strangers at the utmost peril of their lives. But this security only held good so far as the inhabitants were concerned; the roads themselves appear to have afforded as much excitement as was compatible with the enjoyment of an ordinary trip. Such, however, was only to be expected when a motor-car was set to climb wild mountain tracks and to creep along the dizzy edge of precipices.

From the practical point of view the Austrian occupation appears to have produced beneficent results. Although no signs of actual oppression are evident, law and order would appear to have been introduced for the first time into the motley companies of "Moslems, Christians, Jews, and Orthodox," who would now seem to have resigned themselves to live side by side in peace and comparative friendship. Much good work has been effected in a surprisingly short period of time; the main roads—the former haunts of bandits—have been improved and modernised, and, according to Mr. Trevor, it is likely enough that the political desolation of these tempestuous countries will soon be nothing more than a memory of the past.

But the author was not content with his progress through Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the wealth of local colour and gorgeously barbaric costume of which the journey was productive. His faithful car took him beyond all this into Dalmatia, Croatia, and Montenegro, where the scenes and customs were at least as vivid as any of those in the first-visited countries. We have fascinating material here. Descriptions of quaint ceremonies and of ancient castles and monuments, tales of feud and battle, the humours and adventures of the journey itself follow rapidly one upon the heels of the other. In fact, there is not a dull page in this bulky volume that all readers of travel literature must welcome.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Canada and the Empire. By W. R. LAWSON. (Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

MR. LAWSON'S book appears opportunely. The introduction of a treaty of commercial reciprocity in the Legislatures of Canada and the United States has been followed in the Republic by a great shouting of "from Panama to the Pole." So great, so spontaneous has been the delight of patriotic Americans at the prospect of bringing the Canadian States into line with the United States that people on our side of the Atlantic are beginning to realise a certain fact, which they ought to have known before—viz., that deep down in the heart of every American is a fervent desire, ambition, and hope to see the whole of North America one nation, with the capital at Washington, and with complete political independence of Europe.

Of late years the immense increase in Canadian prosperity, the growth there of national sentiment, and the improved relations between Canada and the Mother Country have produced in the United States a feeling of anxious doubt as to whether this dream would ever come true. Hence the shout of relief and jubilation with which the proposed treaty has been hailed. Americans regard the work of the War of Independence as incomplete as long as Canada maintains the Colonial status. They realise better than do most of us in the old country how great are the geographical forces which tend to produce practical union between Canada and the United States and practical separation between Canada and the United Kingdom. It is impossible to travel much in Canada and in the northern parts of the United States without becoming aware of the operation of these physical facts. There is no natural barrier between Canada and the United States. At all points the one territory is the continuation and completion of a stretch of plain or tract of mountain which commences in the other. But between Canada and the United Kingdom lies the dissociating ocean. More and more as the years go by the modes of life in Canada and in the United States become increasingly alike. The United States have the advantage of propinquity, we have the advantage of an existing bond. But the bonds which unite us to Canada and Canada to the rest of the Empire must be strengthened if they are to resist a continual stress, which is like the stress of gravitation, in that it acts continuously. As Mr. Lawson truly says, Canada with her eight millions, if standing alone, would be practically absorbed by her neighbour of ninety millions, on account of the fact that the community of ninety millions increases so much more rapidly than the community of eight millions. He is, moreover, of opinion that "if the British Empire is to last much longer it must be properly organised." Much has been done in this direction of late years, but Canada still presents problems which demand the highest qualities of statesmanship both at Ottawa and at Westminster.

The Songs of Old England. Selected by JAMES WINTLE. (John Ouseley. 5s. net.)

THIS is a quite charming production, bringing before one all one's favourites amongst songs, whether they deal with love, bucolics, sentiment, patriotism, or sport. There are some extremely good photographic reproductions of pictures by Pater, Macrise, Turner, Meissonier, Gainsborough, Landseer, Corot, Paulus and others. On the whole, we think that this charming book should be found in every boudoir. We rather wish that the binding had not been of quite so

green a green, but doubtless some people will not share in our objection to this particular colour.

Record of Sports. (Royal Insurance Co.)

BETWEEN the covers of a daintily-bound and compact little book the Royal Insurance Co. has for the eighth time compiled their "Record of Sports," which contains summaries and tabulated statements of all sports to the end of 1910. Aviation is naturally dealt with at a much greater length than usual, many notable performances and events being recorded. A short history of each sport is given at the beginning of the chapters, and no pains appear to have been spared to make the book as clear and concise as possible. We note that at the top of several pages, however, one line is rather carelessly printed over the top of another. With this exception, every detail is very well and ably set forth. The manager very graciously offers any of our readers who care to apply for it a copy of the "Record of Sports" as far as his stock will permit.

Cotbank and its Folks. By the Author of "Rob Lindsay and his School." Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE author of "Rob Lindsay and his School," "Auld Drainie and Brownie," &c., has now presented us with a dainty little sketch of Cotbank as it appeared some eighty years ago. The simple country folk of the district are described in so pleasing and sympathetic a manner that it seems almost possible to feel the refreshing breeze wafted from the Scottish moorlands. The author evidently has a keen love and appreciation for the Scotch dialect, and a great charm is added to the book by the tasteful crayon drawings of Miss Preston Macgoun.

FICTION

The Last Galley: Impressions and Tales. By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THIS collection of short stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will be greatly appreciated as a mute companion upon a journey or voyage. The classical portion of the book, consisting of some 124 pages, is extremely well done, and transports us into the atmosphere of the period of which the tales are told. "The Last Galley," a story of the destruction of the Carthaginian Fleet, is intended to convey a moral to Great Britain. As "The Last Galley" is engulfed within sight of Carthage—

A huddle of naked, starving folk stood upon the distant mountains, and looked down upon the desolate plain which had once been the fairest and richest upon earth. And they understood too late that it is the law of heaven that the world is given to the hardy and to the self-denying, whilst he who would escape the duties of manhood will soon be stripped of the pride, the wealth, and the power which are the prizes which manhood brings.

The rebuke is not fitting as addressed to the people of this country; but it conveys a warning to them not to be lulled into false security by the stratagems and devices of vote-catching politicians.

The whole of the ten stories in this section of the book are delightful. In the second part "The Marriage of the Brigadier" is an extremely diverting episode in the life of that prince of romancers, Etienne Gerard. In "The Lord of Falconbridge" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recalls to our mind the romantic charm with which he succeeded in surrounding the sordid atmosphere of prize-fighting in "Rodney Stone" of glorious memory. The other stories

are all interesting, but we venture to suggest that perhaps it would have been more prudent to omit two of them of such repulsive plots as the "Blighting of Sharkey" and "De Profundis." It is only people with the strongest nerves, or with no nerves at all, who can read such stories near the midnight hour without a decidedly creepy feeling, and conjuring up in a night of broken dreams the most horrible phantoms which can present themselves to the human imagination.

Fenella. By HENRY LONGAN STUART. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

MR. HENRY LONGAN STUART has that gift, not uncommon in latter-day writers of fiction, of making his characters operate in a mental fog. We never know precisely what they would be at, nor why they would be at it. Mr. Stuart endeavours to leap up and down the gamut of so many emotions, and he appears to have so many pieces of information to communicate, that the reader never becomes quite wise as to any of them. We gather that Mr. Stuart looks upon the world with a pessimistic eye; that he has strong views on the villainies of publishers; that he believes the typical theatrical manager to be a Jew, and the typical Jew to lisp; and that he is of the opinion that newspaper editors express themselves chiefly in that free and slangy manner which we all admire in our billiard-markers and bar-tenders. As regards his characters, Fenella, despite the pains Mr. Stuart has taken with her, does not strike us as being even a moderately well-bred person, although she may be a magnificent dancer. Of her two lovers, Sir Brian Lumsden, a sporting baronet, and Paul Ingram, an ascetic author, we do not share their creator's opinion that the one is a gentleman and the other a man of genius. Sir Brian appears to us a human and rather amusing bounder, and Paul a sincere fanatic with a bad liver. Some of the minor characters are not at all badly done, but they suffer, as far as we are concerned, from recalling so many other personages in so many other books. The story is of a distressing nature which is not relieved by any charm of style or true literary flavour. Though a muscular writer, Mr. Stuart rather belongs to the halfpenny Press descriptive reporter class, a member of which tells some of the story. The book has its moments and its true emotions; but we cannot acquit it of a large taint of that vulgarity which, like snobbery, consists in a mean admiration of mean things. Judging by the flattering notices of Mr. Stuart's book "Weeping Cross," which are printed in the front of this volume, we think that the latter can hardly be as good as its predecessor.

The Trap: a Revelation. By DICK DONOVAN. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

THE revelation is of the inner workings of the infamous secret societies known as the Camorra and the Black Hand, and according to the publishers' preliminary announcement, Mr. Dick Donovan has been collecting his materials ever since the assassination of the renowned detective Giuseppe Petrosino at Palermo in March, 1909. Therefore, in view of the extraordinary trial now proceeding in Italy of forty-one members of the Camorra, the story should arouse considerable interest, for it is written in the author's most popular style. Money-making is the principal object of the Camorra, and money or the knife is its watchword. Its undoubted and far-reaching power is attributed mainly to the fact that this criminal organisation is based on the co-operation of members belonging to all classes, from the beggar to the lord, the plebeian to the patrician, in the perpetration of crime and the raising of funds by every device. Aristocrat or homeless mendicant, one and all have

to take the same oaths, to suffer the same tattooing which designates the different ranks and offices in the band, and obey the orders of the supreme chief. With such groundwork to go upon, Mr. Donovan has produced a powerful story, and from London to Naples, from Naples to the Bowery, New York, and back again, the whole of his characters bear the stamp of reality, and are very much alive. Joseph Bastu, the hero, is a young Italian notary established in London, and he takes upon himself the elucidation of the mystery of the murders of an Italian art dealer and his household in Wardour Street after the English and Continental police had shelved the case. How he eventually does solve the mystery, and receives his reward from a grateful heroine, together with his hair-breadth escapes and other adventures, we leave the reader to find out for himself from the book. The plot is a deep one, and the disclosures are awe-inspiring.

The Leech. By MRS. HAROLD E. GORST. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

THE old story of the camel who began by putting his head into the Arab's tent and in the end ousted the original occupant is told again in Mrs. Gorst's new novel. Here we have an account of a cunning and masterful woman who induces her sister-in-law to give her board and lodging for the sake of charity; eventually she becomes mistress of the home in which she has sought asylum. The gradual conquest is graphically described in the earlier part of the book; but matters do not assume their most tragic aspect until the death of the weaker woman. A daughter, Elvina, is left behind, and, by one trick and another, finds herself at the mercy of the objectionable aunt and the aunt's equally unpleasant daughter. The book afterwards develops into a story of the "Cinderella" type on modern and somewhat squalid lines; but the Prince, unfortunately, comes too late. One is at times wearied by the constant use of the vernacular which the author deems appropriate to her characters, and it is still harder to forgive certain lengthy conversations intended to convey the humour which Mrs. Malaprop once made fashionable. A misapplied word may be amusing in places; it may be a gem if it is discovered rarely and unexpectedly; but it has only to be multiplied to make it depressing and wearisome. Apart from this fault, the book contains a great deal of powerful writing, and the sketches of life in a small shop at Peckham and at a Battersea boarding-house are full of convincing reality. All the scenes pass in an atmosphere as gray and dull as the fog of London suburbs can create; there is scarcely a touch of romance, and only at the very end is there anything which can be considered as a dramatic incident. Yet, in spite of all this, "The Leech" is a novel which can hold the reader's attention, and, though it contains nothing which can be called "a problem," it has clearly been written with thought and possesses the quality of arousing thought in those who read.

The Vision of Balmaine. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

BALMAINE was a good-natured, pompous, country banker who believed that the market-town in which he lived was his own particular creation. Tebbits was his chief clerk, and a cunning ruffian of the worst order. The bank is in difficulties; there are charges of dishonest dealing, including forgery, and Balmaine goes to prison, though proofs of his

innocence are in his hands. Tebbits, the real criminal, is not worth shielding, but Balmaine accepts penal servitude because he believes himself deserving of punishment for a wrong which he has done to a woman. Most readers will consider this an eccentric method of paying a debt, but greater wonders are in store. When the banker is again a free man he becomes a seer of visions, and undertakes the not very hopeful task of saving the soul of Tebbits. It is not a bad story, but we could not help being rather sceptical as to some of the mystic episodes which occur in the new life of the old convict, and the fact that they are shared by the woman from his past does not help to convince. Mr. Burgin might have made these things theatrical and ludicrous, but his writing shows a restraint which is altogether admirable. To weave the supernatural into a story of life in a small country town is, however, a too ambitious attempt, yet the author deserves credit for having avoided what might have been a really painful failure.

King Philip the Gay. By REGINALD TURNER. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

MOLAVIA, the scene of this story, is akin to Ruritania and the other comic-opera countries. A King, a Scotch Prime Minister, Household Guards (fifty in number) appear to entertain us. The King marries a Princess of the neighbouring State of Bollheim, and is so supremely happy with his wife and his little one-horse country that he gets bored; so he fosters a revolution, personates himself, gives his wife many anxious moments, and finally all is well. The book contains a certain amount of satire on other countries and their ways, and is good of its kind.

The Unknown God. By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE reason which led Paul Hancock to become a missionary in China may have been known to Paul Hancock himself, but we doubt whether the secret was revealed to Mr. Putnam Weale. According to Mr. Weale, Paul, at the age of eleven witnessed the heroic attack of his head master upon a mad dog which ran amuck in the school; the master's terrible death was "a lesson, a visitation" that, skilfully used by an ardent young clergyman, made an emotional convert. Paul's existence, however, was entirely purposeless until the sudden death of his father. Then, standing by the graveside, he is startled by the roar of voices from a neighbouring football-field; he hears the cheers of success and the moans of failure. Above all is the cry of "Go on, go on!"—this must be his watchword; hence he becomes a missionary, not to conduct sewing-circles in a conceited suburb, but to Christianise China. Here the unfinished buildings of the mission upset his sense of symmetry; yet the filth of the Chinese village is "so human, so close to nature." He debates and worries over the rights and wrongs of missionary propaganda among non-Christian peoples, has various adventures, and marries so that his partner may help him work out a plan of campaign. We expected throughout the book that Mr. Weale would lead us up to this plan, but we were disappointed. He is at his best in the second half of the volume, where we are held by his descriptions of Chinese life and travel. The first portion, which occasionally wanders beyond the limits of an ordinary dictionary, is so laboured that we sometimes doubted whether we were reading fiction. There is such a veneer of

erudition over every paragraph that Mr. Weale is never happy. But perhaps "the happy age was the ignorant age," as Paul Hancock wisely remarked.

The Priest's Marriage. By NORA VYNNE. Cover Illustration by Charles E. Brock. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. net.)

WHY "A Priest's Marriage" outside and "The Priest's Marriage" on the title-page? A very well-told tale, this, of a very weak and despicable man and a very sweet, loving woman whose affections were played with fast and loose, the result being an unexpected development of her character. The fight between the priest as priest and the priest as a man is the *motif* of the story. We will not anticipate the result, or it would spoil the pleasure of reading the book, which is quite equal in value to many of three times the price.

A Drama of the Telephone. By RICHARD MARSH. Frontispiece. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)

HERE we have, not a novel, as the purchaser might expect on looking at the cover, but a collection of nine very second-rate short stories, every one of them unworthy of Mr. Richard Marsh's high reputation as a writer of detective novels. Moreover, the story which furnishes the title of the volume was issued a twelvemonth ago in cheap novelette form, price 1d., when it was called "The House of Dread." To make up a six-shilling book with the aid of a penny dreadful is not, we most decidedly think, treating the reading public fairly. This first story occupies over a third of the volume, and at that rate the publishers cannot be accused of giving over much value for the price they charge. It is sensational and most improbable, though it has the advantage, which the others have not, of boasting one of Mr. Marsh's detectives.

The Irresistible Husband. By VINCENT BROWN. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE reason for this title is hardly evident from the book. It is full of irresponsible chatter about a foolish wife and a blind husband. The lady is a grandmother. Finding her life very boring, she goes off "on her own" and thinks she is in love with a brute of a man. All ends happily; but the story is a shocking exposure of a woman's uncalled-for weakness—and in these days of woman's so-called superiority adds nothing to the credit of the sex.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY—II.

EXAMINING the sculpture exhibits at Burlington House is always somewhat of a tantalising pleasure. The first thing the observer of a statue or a modelled head does—or desires to do—is to walk round it, to gain a fair opinion of its appearance from four or five different view-points; he often finds that what seems a fault from one position becomes a beauty from another. Therefore to be compelled to consider many excellent works of art in marble and bronze from a very limited range—since most of the exhibits are pathetically placed with their backs to the wall—is a hardship. Yet we can hardly blame the authorities; they have done their best with a difficult problem.

Probably the loveliest thing in the whole of the two halls devoted to sculpture is one which nine out of ten visitors will miss altogether, dominated as it is by the crush of more florid conceptions. We refer to "The Spirit of Night," by

Mr. Alfred Drury, in the Lecture Room. It is merely the head of a sleeping woman—it clamours for no notice, makes no startling appeal; but its purity, calmness, tenderness, its wistful sweetness, are beyond words. For relief from the burden and heat of the day we returned to it several times.

Not far from this is an unusual but effective statuette of a young lady, in silver, by Mr. E. G. Gillick; the folds of the dress, however, are rather stiffly treated. Two enamels in the same room should not be overlooked—"The Vision of Calvary," by Mr. A. Fisher, with a woman's head very, very reminiscent of D. G. Rossetti's women, and the beautiful "Miracle at Lourdes," by Mr. Oswald Crompton. A large study for a marble bust of Thackeray, by Leonard Jennings, is quite successful in catching the genial expression of the novelist, and a bronze bust of Sir William Crooks, by Walter Merrett, which from a distance we feared was a frozen image of Mr. Bernard Shaw, is very lifelike. A statuette by Mr. Derwent Wood, "The Bather," has a rather ugly attitude—one shoulder shrugs nearly up to the eyes—and fails to satisfy the sense of beauty; another statuette, entitled "The Queen of the Fairies," by Lorna Adamson, is full of delicacy and daintiness. Of the various medal exhibits, we must especially mention a case by J. R. Pinches; in the central one, "For Marksmanship," the idea of distance is finely conveyed by the variation of the relief. And of the truly delightful "Peter Pan," by Sir George Frampton, by which Mr. J. M. Barrie is to be immortalised, we need not write at length. Fortunately it is not against the wall, so it may be studied for half an hour at a time—as it deserves. It is perfectly charming.

The Central Hall contains a beautiful "In Memoriam" relief by "S. Nicholson Babb"—if we mistake not, this is Mr. Stanley N. Babb, of whom we have pleasant memories at the Plymouth School of Art. It is a little conventional, perhaps, but full of fine drawing and clever treatment. "The Sea-Mother," by Mary C. Buzzard, an exquisite conception in which the curl of a breaking wave is used as a *motif*, must be highly praised, more for idea than for sheer execution. The large statue "Victory," by Benjamin Clemens, is entirely different from the usual notion of such a subject; the victor binds up his own arm, and seems rather sad; nevertheless, it is fine work. So is a beautifully modelled "Mercury," by A. Stanley Young. In "The Wooing of Thetis" and "Herakles," two large adjacent groups, the artists (Arthur Walker and Allan Wyon) have been eminently successful in imparting a tremendous sense of motion. The "War" group in the same hall, by Crosland McClure, is wonderfully impressive and strong; but, alas! once more we want to walk round it and test it from more than two points of view.

Returning to the main galleries, we select a few pictures for comment in addition to those mentioned in our first article. In Gallery X. is hung "The Sonnet," by Harold Knight—a blaze of green and gold which fails to impress the onlooker at close range save by its size and its ambition. Seen, however, from a distance—through the doorway of Gallery XI., for example, almost from the entrance hall—the effect is startling; it is precisely as though we looked into a garden pleasure and saw the young poet reading his sonnet to the girls who sit or lie in careless attitudes near him. Only thus can this really clever painting be enjoyed. "The Pond," in the same gallery, by C. W. Simpson, is rather damaged by the extremely heavy painting of the reflections on the water. Gallery XI. contains a "blossom-picture" by E. A. Hornel, entitled "A Spring-time Rondelay." Under a mass of blossom seven happy children sport and play. The general pink-and-white effect is rather disconcerting, for there is no point on which the eye can rest; the whole thing dazzles the beholder, charming though the colours be. Of a dazzling character,

too, is "The Shower of Gold," by E. F. Wells, where laburnums droop over a nude girl lying asleep below their vivid bloom; the effect is superb, and very decorative. On the same wall we must note Mr. Bernard Gribble's "Helpmates in Distress;" the tramp-steamer, thrashing through a heavy sea, is splendidly drawn.

A pleasing little study of "Brentford Bridge" in Gallery IX., by J. Littlejohns, is rather overwhelmed by its competitors; the water and its motion are very happily treated, and a suggestion of distance on the extreme right adds much to the quality of the picture. We noted one "Haven under the Hill" last week; another, by Muriel G. Dyer, gives an impression of strong evening light on the hill, with shadowy cottages in the foreground; the colours used are unconventional, but the effect is true to Nature. Why the "Chelsea Embankment," by W. E. Fox, should have been painted in such a grey and unattractive mood we hardly know; it has not the excuse of mystery or moonlight, and expresses little but the stiff line of the road and wall. A study of detail entitled "The Japanese Fan," by Sir James D. Linton, is quite wonderful; the minutiae of the pattern on the woman's dress are fascinating, and repay close scrutiny. Another clever work here, at which many people will not trouble to look twice, is a still-life study of a torso and some statuettes on the corner of a mantelpiece, by Lilian E. Harris. The quality of both drawing and colouring is exceptional.

It is a question whether the class of picture which depends for its effect on sharp contrasts between the gloom of evening and artificial light—there are several of them especially pronounced in this year's Academy—is not often meretricious. So much can be hidden or shaded in the way of slipshod drawing; so much can be conveyed to the untutored eye by sudden, brilliant splashes of light. However that may be, two or three of the present collection are worthy of note—one we have already referred to; another, with a very similar title, may be bracketed with it. Although there is no exquisite face in "A Night in June," by T. C. Gotch (Gallery VII.), the depth of the distance and the fine quality of the contrasts of light and shadow are fascinating. The best depiction of firelight is "Devant le Feu," by Charles Michel, in the preceding room, which is a trifle exotic and un-English, perhaps, but very pleasing and restful. Finally, let none of our readers miss the wonderful and spacious "Moonlit Shore," in Gallery V., by Julius Olsson. Beneath darkened cliffs the wide expanse of moonlit foam stretches as far as the eye can see; it is a triumph to have rendered an extremely difficult theme so perfectly. Alas! that such pictures cannot have a room to themselves, where other colours might not clash, and where the voice of the vandal who puts forth waggish remarks to his feminine friend should be silenced.

THE THEATRE

THE PIONEER PLAYERS AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE

THREE little plays, on widely differing themes, were presented to an enthusiastic and evidently sympathetic audience at the Kingsway on Tuesday afternoon last; but, although the themes varied, one note—the equality of woman with man—sounded through all. Propaganda hand in hand with art usually makes for a fall, and the success of Tuesday's programme was due more to the excellent acting of a band of picked and devoted artists than to any especial merit in the plays themselves.

"Jack and Jill," by Miss Cicely Hamilton, is typical of the "Woman's Movement." Jack—a struggling author—

enters for one of the "first novel" competitions which tempt the free-lance with a big prize; Jill—his sweetheart, also a struggling author—enters too, each keeping the secret. Of course—the play being by Miss Cicely Hamilton—the girl wins the prize; the man behaves like a cad, nearly crying with pique and wounded pride; and, after some very solid "straight talking" by Jill to prove that she is "as good a man" as Jack, all ends happily in reconciliation, curtain, and wild applause. Mr. Harcourt Williams, whom we last saw in "The Master Builder," was excellent in his somewhat thankless part, and Miss Athene Seyler gave a clever rendering of Jill.

The extraordinary nature of the second playlet, the action—or, rather, conversation—of which takes place in the maternity ward of a London workhouse, makes it difficult to criticise plainly. Most of the talk related to the position of the unmarried mother, and there was a multiplicity of babies. The whole thing left an unpleasant taste, and, though the acting was clever, and the author—Mrs. Margaret Wynne Nevinson—was called for loudly, the purely biased nature of the "play" made us wonder why it was not written as a pamphlet on sociology.

Not often, even in London, is it possible to see such an array of well-known actresses on one stage as was the case in the last piece. To Miss Margaret Hughes (of "Killigrew's Company of King's Players," A.D. 1661) comes a vision, as she sits despondent, despairing at the impossibility of woman ever appearing on the English stage. Before her pass Nell Gwynne (Miss Ellen Terry), Mrs. Barry (Miss Lily Brayton), Mrs. Bracegirdle (Miss Suzanne Sheldon), and other famous heroines of the theatre, each delivering a brief, encouraging speech; finally comes "An Actress of To-day" in the person of Miss Lena Ashwell. In the little prologue Mr. Ben Webster—who must be rather bewildered by his quick changes of late—represented Sir Charles Sedley, dandified and superior, excellently. Naturally, there was not much scope for acting in "The First Actress," but the whole effect was pleasing, and no man would grudge the woman her triumph in the dramatic art, whatever his opinions as to her administrative powers. Mr.—or we rather believe Miss—Christopher St. John must be congratulated upon a pretty conception, and upon the distinguished manner of its presentation. We wish the Pioneer Players every success as long as they will not overstep the mark and kill the interest of a play (for those who value good artistry) by forcing the propaganda side of their scheme.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE"

Madame Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky) continues at the Kingsway for a few days longer the success of "A Doll's House," although she is supported by a very different cast. As Nora Helmer, harassed until she decides to work out her own salvation alone, Madame Yavorska is really amazing, and one great quality of her acting, which we realised more fully on seeing her play the part for the second time, is that she has none of the irritating, stereotyped tricks of the stage which most actresses seem compelled to use in order to express their emotion. Miss Janet Achurch, who once played as Nora, took the part of Mrs. Linden, As Torvald Helmer, Mr. Norman Trevor rivalled Mr. Ben Webster, who previously interpreted the character; the play was again, in fact, in capable hands. We shall be extremely interested to see Madame Yavorska in the "modern play" which is promised us shortly.

"KISMET" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

THE feeling that remains with us after having seen Mr. Edward Knoblauch's "Arabian Night" is that it is not Arabian. The scenery is excellently full of colour, and the

dresses are wholly correct. There is not a little that is suggestive of Orientalism in the occasional music, and the aroma of incense comes pleasantly to the nostrils. For all that, the piece has nothing of the allurement of the East. Not one of the characters is, in any sense of the word, Oriental. Mr. Oscar Asche is all too loud and robust, Miss Lily Brayton no different from the Miss Lily Brayton who appears in Shakespearian revivals and the romantic hotch-potches of her répertoire. The Guards and Wazirs, Dignitaries, Courtiers, Soldiers, Eunuchs, Beggars, Caliphs and Sheikhs are all dull and prosaic, and the young woman (about whom we have heard so much) who discards a transparency to walk into a swimming-bath seems to be encased in a suit of Jaeger. After "Sumurun," "Kismet" is tasteless. The story is incoherent and episodic, and when we should have been thrilled and horrified we were merely mildly amused. The murder of the Wazir Mansur by Hajj the Beggar made the audience shriek with laughter. It is not to be wondered at. The incident resolved itself into horseplay, and the bull-like roarings of Mr. Asche as he sprawled over the bath were comic. If Hajj had been played by Spontelli and the Wazir Mansur by any one of Herr Max Reinhardt's company this murder scene would have been a nightmare. It becomes more and more clear that our English actors and actresses lack the sense of atmosphere and the gift of characterisation. You may dress them up as Othello, as Falstaff, as Bottom the Weaver, as Count Hannibal; they remain Mr. Oscar Asche and Mr. This, That, and The Other. This is obviously because there is no school for acting, no apprenticeship in the art, and no one capable of teaching even if those who are in command were capable of being taught.

"Kismet" is not therefore a production of much value, but it has its moments which remain in the memory. The scene of the Tailors was excellently put on, but this was the triumph of the scene-painter and the stage-manager. The Street before the Mosque of the Carpenters was ruined by the so-called singing of a party of very English choirboys, who took everything atmospheric out of the scene. Every now and then Mr. Oscar Asche did well, but he was always too robust, or perhaps the word should be rambustious. He was without the cunning and the oiliness necessary to the part. As an actress Miss Lily Brayton does not improve; the continual *vibrato* which she puts into her voice becomes unpleasant. The best acting in the play was done by the small boys in the bazaar who had nothing to say, and by Mr. George Ralph as the Mansur's Sworder. Nevertheless, somewhat unsatisfactory as "Kismet" is, Mr. Oscar Asche is to be congratulated on having produced it. There is at any rate one manager in London who is prepared to back his opinion and to put on a play which is not a copy of something which has been staged before. "Kismet" must be a great relief to the playgoer who is satiated with the commonplace stuff to which managers pin their faith. It is a great success.

OUR PRISON SYSTEM *

BY ONE WHO KNOWS IT

MR. WINTLE here chronicles the professional exploits of an old Lag (or, to explain to gentle readers who do not understand slang—a convict), whose life seems to have alternated between crime and its punishment, when discovered. He was by no means of the "gentle shepherd" type; on the contrary, his energies were devoted to London, Leeds,

* *Nights with an Old Lag*. By W. J. Wintle. (John Ouseley. 5s. net.)

Birmingham, and other large centres both of wealth and crime, and he seemed safer thus. In fact, he repeats what has often been said—that London is the best hiding-place in the world. It would spoil the reading of the book were we to make extracts from the many examples of his skill and his also freely-confessed failures, but we may take the opportunity of noting his various opinions of some things which are of general interest, also of adding some observations of our own.

First, as to the police and their attitude to a convicted man. Our "lag," who spent most of his freedom under supervision, speaks very well of them and their kindness, and of their anxiety not to give a man away who is trying to reform. He knew all there is to be known about the obligations on both sides, and he gives a well-merited rebuke to a country policeman who called to see him in uniform, contrary to the rules. The next subject on which he comments is "Fences," or receivers of stolen property. Without these men there could be no profitable thieving, and in our opinion they should be punished, when caught, equally with the thief. The only thing to be said in their favour is that they sometimes, and only sometimes, give information to the police, but that is probably to save themselves from a prosecution. In addition to buying jewellery, &c., at a quarter or less of its value, they also, it would appear, obtain information as to likely and profitable places to "burgle," making plans of the premises, and employing men to find out the habits of the persons in charge.

A very amusing tale may be repeated. When engaged in robbing a warehouse in Tooley-street, the "lag" was sandbagged by two other gentlemen engaged on the same business. After an exciting experience of being nearly drowned, he returns, and, opening a trapdoor, so frightened the men then engaged on the job that they fled *via* the trapdoor, and our "lag" cleared off with the booty. Apparently, when one is professionally engaged in burglary, it is extremely annoying after working for hours to break open a safe to find only half a sovereign in it; so our man revenged himself by smashing up the office furniture and knocking senseless with a sandbag a stoker and an unfortunate policeman who, in the course of duty, looked in to see what was the matter. Yet the man who could do this grumbles at the bread at Dartmoor, and makes other complaints of the irksomeness of prison-life and discipline, also of the work! Our "lag" was put on to weaving, which, he says, is not done now; but, as a matter of fact, it still is in certain prisons in the North. The chapter of crime ends in the shooting of an innocent postman and an unfortunate policeman, the "lag" being finally caught, and getting twenty years' penal servitude—a fit punishment. The book concludes with advice on "How to Guard against Burglary," which, although not particularly novel, is useful.

The following observations may be made on the subject of prisons and prisoners generally. Under the present method every consideration is shown to prisoners. The Borstal system is perhaps too lenient, and is not sufficient punishment to those young men who, in these days of free education, know quite well what they are doing. Much early crime is due to idleness and loafing. Prisoners who are in prison for the first time are, if otherwise eligible (and this is determined by the Visiting Justices and the Governor), put in a special class by themselves, and do not come in contact with old criminals. This does much good. But it is, in our opinion, wrong to commit any one to prison in default of paying a small fine imposed for a minor offence—for example, 10s. or seven days is a very common sentence. This class of prisoner is not wanted in a prison. There should be a house of detention for such as he, since it is wrong to stamp a man as a gaolbird for such a minor offence against the law.

Short sentences are of little use. There are two classes

of criminals—accidental and intentional, or amateur and professional. The amateur should certainly not go to prison for his first or second offence, but should be put on probation; the professional or intentional thief or criminal should be kept in prison as long as the law allows. The American system of a sentence of not less than ten or more than twenty-one years (the actual length of sentence depending on the prisoner's conduct and reformation) has much to recommend it. It must not be forgotten that all the routine connected with the entry of a prisoner into a prison is almost the same in the case of a seven-days' prisoner as that of one staying for eighteen months. As to longer sentences: these prisoners have nothing to complain of; in fact, they are, in our opinion, too much studied. Regular exercise, work in association, a choice of religions, the best medical attendance, appeal to the Visiting Justices, or, if the latter are hard-hearted, to the Home Secretary in cases which the prisoners consider hardships, remission of a portion of their sentence by their own good conduct, and various other privileges, all go to show the reason why men commit breaches of workhouse discipline in order to be locked up in prison.

This is not as it should be. A man is sent to prison to purge a wrong against the community at large, and while one does not wish to go back to the old days, still the modern system is, in the case of professional criminals, erring on the other side. Our "lag," whose history has prompted these remarks, had no hesitation in using a revolver against unarmed, innocent persons, and yet complained of prison rules and treatment. When put on outdoor work at Portland, he thought it good fun to steal the Governor's wine, and at another time the Chaplain's. Punish the *wilful* wrongdoer and take no notice of what the man says whose first act on restoration to liberty would probably be to commit a worse crime than his previous one.

A word, in conclusion, as to the relief afforded to prisoners by the various aid societies. Every appeal by a prisoner for help on leaving prison is carefully considered, and assistance in the shape of clothes, stock-in-trade, tools and employment is given as far as means will allow. Every boy on leaving is questioned as to what he is going to do, whether going home or otherwise. If not he is assisted with employment, or to a berth on board ship. In fact, subject to our remarks as to the non-desirability of short sentences, everything that can be done is done for prisoners, particularly young ones who have not joined the ranks of the hardened and professional criminals, with whom we have no sympathy and who deserve all they get and probably more.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

M. MARCEL REVON, formerly Professor of Law at the University of Tokyo, and who now occupies the post of Lecturer on the History of the Civilisations of the Far East at the Faculté des Lettres de Paris, has compiled an "Anthologie de la Littérature Japonaise, des Origines au XXe siècle" (Delagrave, 3f. 50c.), of the highest interest. In his erudite preface the author points out that the literature of Japan is one of the richest existing, and calls attention to the two events marking its chief evolution—viz., in the sixth century the introduction of Chinese civilisation, and, in the nineteenth century, the introduction of Occidental civilisation. The principal periods of Japanese literature are next dealt with. According to Mr. Revon, the first epoch, extending till about the seventh century, is especially rich in primitive chants and Shinto rituals. The era of "Nara" which succeeds (710-784) witnessed the creation of the first University, and gave birth to the *Kojiki*, "in which is recorded the foundation of the national history and religion."

Then follows the classical period of "Heian," during which was composed the "Kokinshou," or "Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems," of which we give a specimen, in M. Revon's translation; it is entitled "Ono-No-Komatchi":—

La Couleur de la Fleur
S'est évanouie,
Tandis que je contemplais
Vainement,
Le passage de ma personne en ce monde.

The epoch of Heian seems to be one of the most glorious of Japanese literature, for with the poems appear also diaries, novels, etc.; "this movement," says M. Revon, "was at first favoured by a rapid progress of the national language, at that time arrived at its highest development; then by the invention of two systems of writing, the *katakana* and the *hiragana* . . . which simplified the work of the writer and the efforts of the readers." Curious to note, the court of Itchiyō was, about the year 1100, the centre of an assembly of brilliant women, "who, in truth, wrote the major part of the great national masterpieces." Amongst the latter is specially to be mentioned the "Makoura-no-Soshi," or "Pillow-Notes," written by Sei Shonagon, one of the ladies in waiting of the Empress. Speaking of this work, M. Revon says:—

En lisant telles maximes concises où Sei Shonagon, femme du monde hardie, qui pousse la franchise jusqu'à cynisme, marque d'un trait mordant quelque vice hypocrite, on songe à La Rochefoucauld; et quand on voit surtout tant de pages profondes où la terrible rieuse, si prompte à saisir les ridicules de la ville et de la cour, a mis en se jouant une pensée que signerait le meilleur des moralistes, ou un portrait qui dresse devant nous l'image d'un caractère éternel, on ne peut s'empêcher de penser que le Vieux Japon a eu aussi son La Bruyère.

M. Revon quotes *in extenso* one of the works of Eikken, the celebrated moralist (1630-1714), which, though very short, is of capital importance. It is called the "Onna Daigakou," and is the manual for the education of girls, formerly and still used by the Japanese aristocracy. This "great school for women" has "contrived to form that perfect type of sweetness, gentleness, modesty, and charm which is that of real Japanese womanhood, and which fills the impartial observer with admiration."

The "Anthologie de la Littérature Japonaise, des Origines au XXe siècle," is an erudite and conscientious work, and ought to be greatly appreciated by those who take an interest in the Far East. It is admirably compiled, and to enlighten the reader M. Marcel Revon has thoughtfully added many notes, which greatly enhance the incontestable value of this very complete *résumé* of Japanese literature.

Many French authors belonging to the younger school of writers betray a curious tendency towards the morbid exaggeration of self-analysis, of which a most striking example is furnished by M. Jean Giraudoux's last book, "L'Ecole des Indifférents" (Bernard Grasset, 3f. 50c.). It is composed of three stories, or rather sketches, in which three youths, of evidently particularly sensitive dispositions, describe their ideas and impressions. Their neurasthenia has apparently reached the most acute stage, and their too evident preoccupation of defining and dissecting their least important sensations or thoughts becomes at length slightly wearisome and exceedingly despairing—all the more so perhaps because one realises that Jacques l'Égoïste, Don Manuel le Paresseux, and Bernard le Faible, the heroes of "L'Ecole des Indifférents" are cleverly-drawn counterparts of persons existing in real life. The dominant traits of their characters—if they have any!—appear to be weakness and irresolution, and the words of the Cardinal de

Retz are strangely suited to them:—"Les gens irrésolus prennent toujours avec facilité les ouvertures qui mènent à deux chemins, et qui, par conséquent, ne les pressent pas d'opter." Those who desire to be kept *au courant* with the present movement of French literature should read M. Jean Giraudoux's curious book, in which are to be found (besides some phrases which indeed appear bewildering to the profane reader not initiated in the subtleties of ultra-modernist psychology) some delicate observations, some whimsical conceptions, charming by their very originality.

M. Jules Bertaut has traced, in a very entertaining study, the evolution that the "young girl" has undergone in French literature. In "La Jeune Fille dans la Littérature Française" (Michaud, 3f. 50c.) the author first draws a picture of the young girl as she existed in the French society of the seventeenth century. Ignored by her parents, treated condescendingly by her relatives, uneducated, she was a mere puppet to be disposed of as best suited the plans of her family—either to be married or to be placed in a convent. Speaking of the *Précieuses*, and showing how great a part they took in liberating the maidens of that epoch from the bondage in which they were previously kept, M. Bertaut says:—

They [the *Précieuses*] formed in a gross and semi-barbarous society the revolutionary and indispensable element destined to change the morals and hasten evolution. They were not only witty—they invented good taste. They were not only refined in the choice of their expressions—they fixed the language. They were not only the natural centre around which the artists and the writers grouped themselves—they were the actual creators of all artistic manifestations.

And he observes further:—

These are titles for the gratitude of scholars, which would win for these women universal admiration, if, under Molière's baneful influence, opinion had not been for ever prejudiced against them.

In the eighteenth century M. Bertaut notes that parental authority appears to have relaxed somewhat; he glances swiftly through the literature of that period, and in doing so remarks that the heroines of that epoch seem, for the first time, to give evidence of possessing a semblance of will and personality. He also observes the apparition of three new elements in the souls of young girls—coquetry, sensibility, and sensuality—the last-named being especially apparent in the damsels figuring in the works of Marivaux, Sedaine, and Choderlos de Laclos.

M. Bertaut next turns his attention to the romantic school, and, after demonstrating its impossibility to create an exact character of a young girl, he introduces us to some quaintly amusing types of that period. Thus, step by step, after having successively treated of the heroines of Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, &c., the author explains the evolution which has eventually led to the modern French writers' conceptions of "la jeune fille," so delightfully expressed by the amusing, witty, though rather hoydenish, creations of Gyp and Henri Lavedan.

It is evident that M. Bertaut has no sympathy for the young Parisian girl of to-day. Speaking of her, he declares: "Irrespectueuse et sèche, voilà les deux caractères primordiaux qu'il faut noter chez la Parisienne d'aujourd'hui. La seconde épithète explique la première. Tête froide gouvernant les sens, esprit critique tuant les enthousiasmes et les admirations." We cannot help thinking that this generalisation is too drastic. There certainly exist in Paris many selfish, cynical, and hard young girls; but we are sure that in all classes could be found charming examples of girlish spontaneity, simplicity, and abnegation.

The latter half of M. Bertaut's interesting work is devoted to the modern type of girl-heroines in French literature of

our day. The author treats of the Intellectual, as conceived by Colette Yver and Gabrielle Réval; of Willy's ambiguous "Claudine," who "is the most original type of young girl created since the de Goncourt's heroine."* Marcel Prévost's conceptions are also analysed, and some of Paul Bourget's finest creations, such as Julie Monneron † and Charlotte de Jussat Randon.‡ M. Bertaut introduces us also to a feminine type which has had great success of late years, as well on the French stage as in literature—it is called *la révoltée*, and is always represented by a young person who protests in exalted accents against the education she has received, against the *convenances*, and Mrs. Grundy in general, and who proclaims, in all good faith, her *right to love*, to be happy, and to live.

M. Bertaut closes his book by a conclusion summing up the previous chapters, and ending by this declaration, which we quote:—

Nous avons pour représenter la jeune fille française un modèle littéraire . . . vivant, expressif, pittoresque, imprévu, spirituel et toujours nouveau, la figure malicieuse et bonne, délicieuse et avertie, tragique et amusante à la fois, de la plus mélancolique des tintamarresques, de Renée Mauperin, la vraie jeune fille française.

M. Bertaut's English readers may or may not corroborate this opinion, but we can assure them that they will derive great pleasure in perusing this work, in which are presented to us, as evoked by the skilful and talented author, some of the most exquisite figures of French maidenhood.

FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN ITALY

BY FRANK HARRIS

In these last few days modern Italy has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its birth, or its "unification" as Italians prefer to call it. And their method of celebrating it is characteristic: at Rome they have opened an International Exhibition of Fine Arts, whereas at Turin an Industrial Exposition is in full swing, which all the Italian journals seem to think shows the wonderful progress of their country. And if increase in commerce and wealth is a sure sign of progress and development, and is besides, as Macaulay believed, a certain proof of the increase of happiness and virtue, then no one can deny that Italy has made astonishing progress in the last fifty years.

Let us try to sum it all up in figures for the benefit of those who judge the health of a man by his outward appearance and his wellbeing by his appetite.

First of all, let us take the Italian Debt. The 5 per cent. loan fell during the war of 1866 below 50 lire; it was worth in 1870 a little less than 63 lire. The course of exchange with England, for example, was terribly against the new kingdom. The taxes were so heavy that their unpopularity shook the throne, and whole districts of the country suffered from periodical devastating famines. From 1870 onwards matters steadily improved. The credit of the State advanced, and in 1886 the Rente practically touched par. From 1886 to 1894 the adventurous foreign policy of Crispi damaged Italian credit—after the battle of Adoua the Italian Rente fell to 78. But as soon as Crispi disappeared from the scene and Italy drew away from Germany a little and towards France, thanks to the wise guidance of her King, the credit of Italy began to improve again, and in 1906 Luzzatti, the Finance Minister, was able to undertake the conversion of the Debt. The old 5 per cent. loan, which had

* Renée Mauperin.

† L'Étape.

‡ Le Disciple

been reduced to 4 per cent., was now reduced to 3½ per cent., with the proviso that in 1912 it should automatically become 3½ per cent. The Rente to-day is worth 103·50 per cent.—that is to say, 80 per cent. more than the 5 per cent. was worth in 1870.

The development of the railway system has been just as remarkable. In 1860 Italy only possessed 1,180 kilometres of railway. But at the end of 1910 she possessed 16,989 kilometres, of which 13,437 belong to the State and 3,552 to private companies. The gross receipts, which in 1860 were only 70,000,000 lire, have risen to-day for the State railways to 481,000,000 lire. This does not include the receipts from private railway companies and steam tramways, which together increase the total to over 600,000,000 lire per annum, a revenue more than eightfold the revenue of fifty years ago.

In 1862 the merchant marine of Italy consisted of 9,356 sailing vessels and only fifty-seven steamers with a combined tonnage of 650,000. In 1908 their sailing-vessels had fallen to 4,701, but their steamers had increased to 626, and the total tonnage had more than doubled.

The posts and telegraphs, which in 1866 gave only about 20,000,000 lire to the State, produced with the telephones in 1910 more than 137,000,000 lire.

Naturally enough, the growth of foreign commerce corresponds with the growth of internal commerce. Italian imports in 1862 were about 830,000,000 lire, but in 1910 they had increased more than fourfold. The exports had grown from under 23,000,000 pounds sterling to over 80,000,000 pounds.

Agriculture has always been the chief industry of Italy, and it has made astonishing strides. In 1860 the value of the whole agricultural product of Italy was estimated at about 2,859,000,000 lire; in 1910 it was worth three times as much.

A hectare, which is a little more than two acres in extent, was judged to yield 125 lire in 1860, which is about £5, and now produces over 260 lire.

The mineral products of Italy seem to have kept pace with the agricultural growth. The mineral products in 1860, which were valued at about 28,000,000 lire, to-day are valued at 77,000,000 lire. The iron and steel industry has grown tenfold, the silk industry fourfold, and cotton at least as much.

The promise of the future is even better than the past. Italy has splendid watercourses, and is beginning to use this cheap power to generate electricity. Ten years ago this source of wealth had hardly been tapped; to-day over 1,000,000 horse-power is being used, and in another decade this will probably be doubled.

But more remarkable than the industrial growth of Italy is the growth of State banks and co-operative associations. There are now more than 365 co-operative Popular banks in Italy; and there are besides 547 co-operative producing societies, while of co-operative retail societies there are more than 5,000. Even in 1862 there was no Post-office Savings Bank in Italy; now there are over 2,000,000 depositors in the ordinary Savings Banks, and in the State Savings Bank over 5,000,000 depositors, altogether over seven and a half million thrifty people, or a quarter of the population of Modern Italy. The sums deposited in 1864 amounted to about 28,000,000 pounds, in 1910 over 165,000,000 pounds sterling.

This growth of co-operative industry has had a striking effect on the wages of workmen; all observers are agreed that the real value of the wages of labour in Italy have increased in fifty years by something over 100 per cent. And Italians are very proud of pointing out that whereas in 1861 there were seventy-five illiterates to every hundred inhabitants, there are now less than 50 per cent., with a

minimum of 22 per cent., in industrial Lombardy and Piedmont, and a maximum of 75 per cent. in the Catholic country districts of Sicily and Calabria.

The birth-rate, which seems almost a sure sign of the poverty and improvidence of a country, has fallen from 38 per thousand in 1863-67 to 32 per thousand for 1906-8.

And finally, the mortality, which was 30·60 per thousand inhabitants in the period 1860-67, is now, in the period 1906-8, 20·50.

With these figures before one it would be difficult to deny the growth of modern Italy in material prosperity. No small part of this growth is due to the direct initiative and wise guidance of the King, who from the first turned resolutely away from the megalomania of Crispi and the close alliance with Germany. "Peace is what Italy needs," said the King a good many years ago, and he has kept steadily in view the quiet and orderly development of the riches of the country, leaving Armadas and adventures in Africa to richer rivals who may enjoy periodical bloodletting.

We only wish his Majesty could be induced to see that the first need of modern Italy is a good system of highroads, such as the genius of Napoleon conferred on France over a century ago. A hundred million lire spent on roads would make Italy the playground of the rich of all nations, and bring thousands of rich tourists and automobiles into the country every winter. Italy brags about its Bay of Naples, yet it is almost impossible to see it, and quite impossible to enjoy its varied beauties in a drive. Why does not the King this summer see to it, that there shall be one great highroad well-planned made from Venice to Florence, and from Florence through Rome and Naples down to Reggio, and thence to Brindisi? And why does not some patriotic Italian build a great boulevard, say from Naples to Castellamare, and thence round the promontory to Vietri or Salerno by way of Sorrento and Amalfi? To go from Naples to Salerno takes one whole day, though by road it is not more than twenty-five miles. If the road was decent, automobiles would do it in an hour. For every one who has seen the Temples at Paestum there would be a thousand. The cathedral at Salerno should be as well known as the cathedral at Chartres, were it only for the old Greek columns in it and the old marble sarcophagi; but it takes a whole day to get from Naples to Salerno, and a tiring day at that.

Italy has far greater riches in her art-treasures than in her watercourses. Good roads would necessitate good hotels, and bring crowds of rich visitors and new life into the poor and benighted country districts.

OUR PANTISOCRATS

THE creed of Socialism, put into a nutshell, amounts to this—Society will only be truly organised when all its members live by taking in one another's washing. It is a pretty formula, but, if itself sent to the wash of practice or sound thought, one that comes home in rags. How weird soever the theories of a certain section of the Socialist school may be, we must assume that, among its disciples, are many visionaries of beneficent intent. But then we also know how Hades is paved.

Any nation that once seriously adopted the principle of Socialism as its Magna Charta would automatically sign its own death-warrant as a community. The rate of progress of the industrial army would be brought down to that of the slowest marcher. Socialism is a negation of the great law of evolution by which humanity has struggled up a plane of progress. Order has been evolved from chaos in every unit of the universe under the stress of evolution. That the teaching of Socialism should have obtained any hold upon

the minds of a community of thinkers and workers is surely proof of radical unsoundness in many departments of economics. It is a counsel of despair, and the State could not, any more than the individual, yield to the impulses which such counsel suggests and at the same time retain its sanity.

The lady who, on receipt of an intimation from her bankers that her account was overdrawn, forwarded them her own cheque for a larger sum with the remark that this would put matters straight, unconsciously illustrated the Socialist creed. The assumption that the working capital of a nation is a State affair, in which the individual need have no part or lot, that by it the internal forces of the State can be manipulated at will without affecting the national economy, is a proposition the statement of which is its own confutation. In any community in which the springs of industry were beyond the control of individual initiative, the incentive to work would cease to exist. There surely is no more undemocratic creed than that of Socialism, and its disciples rightly attack not only the individualism on which the economic security of a nation depends, but also the family relations on which the entire fabric of a civilised community ultimately rests.

In the year 1794 three youths loitered about Bristol City, full of wonderful dreams on the subject of joint emigration. That was not the phrase they used to describe their intentions. According to their talk they were going to found a "Pantisocracy" beyond the seas. Like Mr. Micawber, they thought that, before sailing, their natural course was to be "on the spot." Two of the youths were destined to fame, one to immortality. Coleridge was the immortal, Southey was a famous name, and Lovell the odd man of the trio. The spot upon which they had fixed their minds' eye was Susquehanna, a name that runs trippingly on the tongue, so as to satisfy a gourmet of sound. Perhaps that was why it was their objective. Certain little practical difficulties blocked their immediate course. One primary obstacle was the fact that they were without funds, a trivial trouble which they determined to overcome, like true literary knight-errants, at the pen's point. They were bound for a Promised Land, where, so they told themselves—two hours' labour a day on the land would suffice to supply their needs. The rest of their time they vowed should be spent in Socratic discussion of fate and freewill and idyllic musing. The first requisite in furnishing such an Eden was obviously the female element. They therefore decided that matrimony must be the initial step. They accordingly chose three sisters, whom in due course the three youths married. They were lucky enough to find a benevolent publisher to lift them out of their financial slough. His name was Amos Cottle, a prosaic name for one destined to prove the backer of Pegasus, and the "rich uncle" of the Muses. The name and the incident did not escape the acrid humour of Byron.

But now a marvel came to light. Having obtained a fancy price for their literary wares, the vision of a community overseas, where all property should be in common, where life could be spent in a lotus land of Avilion, apparently began to grow dim and fade away. The hard, prosaic facts relating to daily bread and butter and the periodical payment of butchers' bills were doubtless very troublesome. They had a luckless knack of recurring. Thus it came to pass that the trio slowly abandoned their cloud-world and came back to Mother Earth with disillusioned eyes. That they did not grow morbid misanthropes is to their credit.

That same revulsion of sentiment will surely overtake those communities who to-day are coqueting with Socialism. Its evangelists are a strangely composite body, busy blowing bubbles of imagination in every corner of the world. Wherever, literally from China to Peru, an undercurrent of

discontent with the established order of things is apparent, the leaven of Socialism is at work. One cannot but admire the zeal and tactical skill with which the creed is being expounded. In Great Britain, from the professional classes down to the classes who depend upon the labour of their hands, rises a united chorus of discontent. Every class within these wide limits is crying out that its relative prosperity is less to-day than of old, that life yearly grows harder and competition more unscrupulous. Radical speakers answer such complaints by first of all denying the fact. They point to the increase in the collective wealth of the community and to the statistical diminution in the ratio of pauperism. They attribute the spirit of unrest throughout industrial Europe to the divine discontent of the worker, who, in view of a goal of better things, is rightly dissatisfied with his existing lot. It is true that the labour of women and children is now subject to humane legal restriction, but can it be denied that the present trend of things is to induce a tyranny more abject than that of mid-Victorian days? The population has increased to an inordinate extent, and although the volume of manufacture has also vastly risen, the relative predominance of Great Britain, as the workshop of the world, is being lost. Year by year industries are allowed to drift into foreign hands; markets in which British goods were wont to be predominant are passing to Germany and the United States; and the industrial pride of the British worker, under the stimulus of which work of the best and most enduring character used to be produced, is being frittered away.

The truth is that Cobdenism, a live creed in the 'sixties and 'seventies, is dying fast, and Socialism is trying hard to fit the crown of the dying king upon its own brow. One of two courses lies in the lap of the immediate future. Either our communities must be brought back to the elemental service of the land, or dry rot will set in in our overgrown centres of production. The fate of the Empires of the past, where vast and increasing hordes of men herded together for industrial purposes, will in the end befall Great Britain, the modern world's mart. She cannot hope to set economic laws at naught with impunity any more than they; and empirical attempts to do so will in the long run prove themselves merely temporary stop-gaps—permanently shams.

ART DECEASED FRENCH ARTISTS

MR. VAN WISSELINGH has collected an interesting group of pictures at his gallery in Grafton Street, though the exhibits are of somewhat unequal quality. There is in their work a curious note of uncertainty and groping after effects which have hardly taken shape in the minds of the painters, and therefore fail to get themselves expressed definitely upon canvas. Such work is mainly interesting as an early stage in development, and it lacks perforce the firm and decided touch that marks the man who knows what he is aiming at. But in the case of such masters as Millet and Puvis de Chavannes there is an especial interest in watching the tentative efforts of men who ultimately rose to the rank of masters. In Millet's case that interest is intensified by the presence of so fine a finished work as his "L'Église de Chailly," full of all that mystery and compelling charm of atmosphere that he came in the process of time to render with such perfection. Fantin-Latour is represented by some riotous excesses in paint, as well as by some wonderful copies from Titian and Paolo Veronese; his power and skill are always unquestionable, even when disguised in such blurred combinations

of colour as some of those on the walls of this exhibition. Corot, whose rendering of atmosphere excelled even that of his great compatriot Millet, is represented here by some exquisite work, notably his "Ramasseuses d'Herbes," and Jongkind by two characteristically beautiful works, "Les Patineurs" and "Trouville." Carolus Duran and C. F. Daubigny are also worthily represented, and there are other striking works to be seen besides. Altogether, then, a meritorious show, which all art-lovers should visit.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

THE Eleventh Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, now open at the Grafton Galleries, contains much excellent work, as well as some that is merely eccentric, and more that is difficult to classify. Perhaps the most striking work exhibited is the statue-group by Rodin, "L'éternelle Idole," a marvellous and daring expression of overpowering sexual passion, which subdues by sheer mastery of genius, and raises the artist's choice of a subject above the reach of criticism. Another splendid work is Mr. J. Lavery's portrait of Anna Pavlova, the Russian dancer, in which the witchery of balanced movement is marvellous—boldly realised and convincingly expressed. As pitiless and uncompromising as Sargent, but quite without Sargent's power, is Mr. Harrington Mann's portrait of Miss Marie Tempest, and a strange and disillusioning but exceedingly clever work is Mrs. Willoughby's rendering of the Judgment of Paris in the style of the Greek vase-paintings. Did the creators of these immortal myths really visualise them in quite such coarse and grotesque fashion? It may be so, but we hope not, and we turn to Tennyson's "Enone" again to take the taste out of our mouths.

A beautiful water-colour is that by Mrs. C. L. Adam, of Hayle, Cornwall—unpretentious, truthful, and full of feeling for the fine effects of sky and sea and river to be met with at that pleasant spot. The same artist gives a delightful study of "Stormy Weather;" and there is some excellent technique displayed in Mr. A. T. Benthall's "Tour de Faure." A very clever and virile portrait is that by Mr. William Nicholson of Mr. F. Nash, the Clerk of the Merchant Taylors' Company; and there is true pathos, as distinguished from cheap sentiment, in Mr. Harrington Mann's "Mother and Child." Miss Constance Rea's pretty eighteenth-century study, "A Maiden all Forlorn," is one that remains in the memory; and another fine and unpretentious portrait is Miss Ethel Walker's likeness of Mr. Arthur Abney Walker. The great French impressionists are represented by Claude Monet and Degas—the former with a study of a Dutch windmill and a view of the Thames at London, both very characteristic and clever works, the latter by one of his equally characteristic and clever ballet-girls. A fine piece of pure decorative work is Mr. R. Anning Bell's frieze, "The South Wind;" and Mr. Francis Newbury's portrait of Professor Gilbert Murray is a powerful piece of work. And a statue of real pathos, which remains a vivid image in the mind of him who has seen it, is Mr. Fleming Baxter's touching work, "The Blind Child"—a really exquisite piece of sculpture.

PICTURES BY MR. GARNET WOLSELEY AND MR. BERTRAM NICHOLLS

THERE is some very promising work, and some in which the promise may be said to have been fulfilled, by these two young artists at the St. George's Gallery, New Bond Street,

and their appeal to the public is one which deserves attention. Mr. Wolseley is particularly happy in his rendering of children on the sea-shore; he is sure in his handling of wet sand, of sunshine, and the unstudied and beautiful attitudes of children playing. His sense of colour is particularly true and sympathetic, and the brilliancy with which he renders vivid tints which the slightest false step would make garish is particularly striking. His near relationship to the late Mr. Ruskin invests his promise and success with a special interest of its own. Mr. Nicholls' water-colours are of somewhat unequal quality, but they, too, contain much promising work.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

X.—THE NEWSPAPER HABIT

PERHAPS one of the most striking differences between the national life of the English and the Belgians is the fact that the average Englishman reads the newspaper and the average Belgian does not. I do not think that there can be any argument as to the truth of this. I have found myself that by running through the Belgian newspapers every day—a feat that can easily be performed in half an hour by any one who has been brought up on the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*—I am better informed on current events in Belgium than any of the Belgians I meet. In this country, which in many respects is strangely primitive immediately below the surface, the gossip of the *cafés* and the streets is still the principal medium for the transmission of news. It would seem, however, that the days of this enviable freedom from the tyranny of the Press are numbered; some of the newspapers claim large circulations, and it is apparent that many Belgians make a practice of buying the newspapers though they have not yet acquired the vicious habit of reading them. They probably do not realise the risk they run in introducing these masses of print into the quietude of their homes. It may be granted that they have not the smallest intention of looking at them; but sooner or later—on a wet afternoon, perhaps, or in a moment of *ennui*—they will peep between the folded leaves and read an interesting paragraph concerning a thunderstorm in Colombo, or the latest telegram as to the defalcations of an omnibus-conductor in Nuremberg. From this it is but a step to the reading of leading articles and the rapt perusal of the advertisement columns. These are delights more insidious than alcohol or opium, and in a very short time they will become slaves to that craze for print to which Mr. Edgar Jepson once devoted an eloquent article in THE ACADEMY.

This aimless reading of daily newspapers is without doubt the most serious intellectual vice of modern England, although, like most important vices, it masquerades as a virtue. To take an interest in our country and in the doings of our fellow human beings is among the most obvious of our duties; but a critical examination of any copy of a modern newspaper will convince the unprejudiced observer that it is neither patriotism nor a broad spirit of humanity that inspires the supporters of our daily press. The newspapers cannot be blamed for endeavouring to give their readers what they want, and when we find that nine-tenths of their space is devoted to the sensational and the trivial we are justified in supposing that nine-tenths of their readers like that kind of thing. The trivial satisfies their curiosity, the sensational satisfies their lust for adventure, and the newspaper as a whole

satisfies their too easily satisfied desire for culture. This is the enormous responsibility that the modern newspaper is apt to accept a little lightly—that with the large majority of its readers it takes the place of all other reading matter. It must be at once a Bible, an encyclopaedia, and a handbook to politics; a cookery-book, a treatise on popular science and a sporting guide. It must be the Hundred Best Books, a child's Guide to Knowledge, and a Peerage; a textbook on botany, astronomy, and natural history. It must be sister to the moon in eclipse, and little brother to the giant gooseberry. It must be newer than the guide-book of the tourist, and older than the rocks among which he sits. It must know how to reconcile a high moral tone with its functions as a romantic Newgate Calendar, and play the judge and the criminal with an equal grace. It must defend the rich from the poor, and the poor from the rich, with a fervour that fails when it is not interesting. It must know how to estimate the value to humanity of passing events; a hundred columns for a good murder, six columns for the speech of a politician, and a quarter of a column to herald the appearance of a new masterpiece in art. It must rake the gutters of the world for crime, and be swift in chronicling accidents and disasters. It must condemn vice with vehemence, and strangle virtue with platitudes. It must deride minorities, and congratulate majorities on reflecting its opinions. It must be registered at the General Post Office as a newspaper, and must be large enough when unfolded to serve as a tablecloth for the lower classes.

Is this tirade exaggerated? At all events there is nothing in it that I regret except perhaps the reference to a famous and irritating passage of Walter Pater. It is generally agreed that the daily newspapers of England are the best in the world, and it is worth anybody's while to live abroad to avoid them. I speak on this point with the emphasis of a momentarily-reformed drunkard, for I confess that when I am in England I am as much the slave of this vice of newspaper reading as any one else. It is the mark of the newspaper inebrate that he does not very much mind which newspaper he reads, and that he reads them from one end to the other—politics, sport, City news and advertisements, with equal interest. To help him in this he brings a curious cunning to bear; he takes certain racehorses and politicians under his protection and is pleased when he finds a mention of their names. He makes friends with Steel Commons and Canadian Pacifics because they have a lively nature, and he watches their movements in the market with genuine excitement. He observes the stammering histories of the agony columns, and the normal dishonesty of advertisers in general. He reads the serial stories; indeed the passion for reading bad novels in arbitrary instalments is one of the most marked symptoms of the vice, and must not be mistaken for commonplace insanity. Your true newspaper-reader is best pleased when he can begin the serial in the middle and read every second instalment to the end. He does not wish his intellect to be disturbed by the significance of things. He seeks the tranquillity of words, words arranged in grammatical sentences that convey nothing in particular to his somnolent mind. When he is in a fantastic mood he seeks diversion in printers' errors, or in the cross-readings that made the fame of Caleb Whitefoord, and sometimes he has been known to make a collection of journalistic clichés in a small black pocket-book. But it is to the leading articles that he returns like a child to the lap of its mother. There, at all events, he is secure from the noisy irruption of ideas, the desires of ambitious thinkers, the disquieting audacities of youth. There he may drowse in the land where it is always the day before yesterday, lulled by a tide of words to which the most morbid reader can attach no human significance.

This absorbed reading of daily newspapers is a vice, because it rather provides a substitute for life than contributes to our enjoyment of it. It helps us to pass the hours, but it does not make us wiser either by precept or experience, and, at the end, we are only so many hours poorer without any spiritual or mental compensation. Few people realise how much time they waste in nodding sagely over the morning papers. Let them lay the habit aside for a week or two, and they will be astonished at the lengthening of the days, the growth of the period that separates lunch from breakfast. Let them at the same time lay aside the illusion that there is generally something important to be found in the newspapers if you look for it long enough. They have only to ask themselves every morning after they have finished the paper what they have gained by its perusal to be convinced of the emptiness of this theory. There is hardly ever anything in the daily newspapers that we are the richer for knowing; and for the most part men and women read them for that reason.

So when a week or two ago a Belgian novelist told me that he thought newspaper-reading was increasing in Belgium I did not congratulate him. On the other hand, I told him that in England the daily newspaper is killing the magazine, the review, the novel, the short story, and the drama; that it has already killed poetry and made politics impossible for a sane man. That it flings literature to the professors, and painting to the Royal Academician. That it labours to confirm the common mind in its vulgar self-satisfaction, and is the avowed enemy of all that is original or noble in modern thought.

"But you have the best newspapers in the world!" exclaimed the novelist. And the queer part of it is that I honestly believe we have.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

SHEFFIELD MUSICAL FESTIVAL

For the first time in the history of the great choral festivals, which are so important a feature of the provincial towns of England and Germany, the whole of the preparation and conduct of the music of one of them has been undertaken and carried out by one man. It is characteristic of Sir Henry Wood that he should ask to be given the opportunity of making so daring an experiment, and should incidentally make it the occasion of a number of minor experiments in the details of the choral training, interpretation, and platform arrangement. It is almost equally characteristic of him that he should carry it to a highly successful issue and have the confidence arising from conscious ability to tell his fellow-workers and the public that he has done it. It is a triumph of pertinacity and zeal, of ability and right—because effective—methods. Though he did not hesitate to take full advantage of the work of his predecessor (Dr. Henry Coward) in the most important work of training the chorus, his methods are so entirely different as to be opposed to Dr. Coward's in some important respects. Both are agreed, however, in the opinion that most of the traditions regarding the performance of the works of Bach and Handel are anything but what they should be, and a traditional rendering of the works of those composers in Sheffield, or in any place where the musical influence of that city reaches, is now almost an impossibility. As a consequence the chorus, consisting of three hundred voices selected with great care from a large body of applicants residing in the district, was as plastic and open to the impression of a

conductor's and teacher's individuality as possible. Probably no conductor has ever before had material so perfectly suited to his purposes, and no chorus a conductor more fully acquainted with its possibilities. The mutual sympathy was exceptional.

With these circumstances the results were of surpassing interest even where they were most open to criticism. The programme was interesting because of the anticipations of unconventionality it aroused. Handel's "Messiah" is a work which a few years ago was too uninteresting for the critic to attend or to do more than mention casually. Bach's "High Mass in B minor" and "The Passion according to St. Matthew" supplied opportunities of different types of technical achievement, but were regarded as beyond the appreciation of the ordinary musical amateur, and much farther beyond that of the uninstructed man in the street. Now we are able to find emotional elements in these works which appeal to every one possessing a human heart and mind; and this year's Sheffield Festival has made history by plumbing these to their deepest depths. Sometimes the expression jarred on those whose feelings are finer and more subtle than the majority, yet the spirit seemed to be the right one. Surely the greatest reverence that can be paid to a great master of the past is to make his work live and move the hearts of people in the present. This is what Sir Henry Wood and his assistants have done at Sheffield. "The Messiah" was as descriptive in the music as in the words; the dramatic qualities which Handel himself observed were realised, though in details some of the effects were overreached. The "Mass" was one great expression of faith in the eternal mysteries, and the great chorus "Cum Sancto Spiritu" comparable only to Doré's illustration to the twenty-seventh Canto of Dante's "Il Paradiso" with the added emotion of sound. "The Passion," in keeping with its character, had little or none of the virtuoso effects of the other two works, but was interpreted in a way that made the day seem a real Good Friday.

The fear of competition, which would have proved disastrous to both undertakings, made it impossible that Herr Denhof should present "The Ring of the Nibelungs" in Sheffield the same year as the Musical Festival. To make up to some extent for this a selection consisting of the closing scenes from the four dramas was included in the Festival programme, as well as the Grail Scene and Finale of "Parsifal." These, and particularly the latter, proved, first, the utter unsuitability of Wagner's later music for concert performance, and, secondly, Sir Henry Wood's weakness as a Wagnerian conductor. Experiments were made in creating the effect of distance in the Rhinemaidens' Song from "Das Rheingold," and the Voice of Titurel, the Boys' Voices and Youths' Voices in the dome from "Parsifal." The most effective of these was the first, though none was quite satisfactory. The architectural conditions of the hall were entirely opposed to this, and the screens used to cover the voices made it difficult for the singers to use their voices effectively or to follow the conductor with ease. Considering the greatness of the difficulties, however, they were surmounted with a fair measure of success. The sentiment of the Wagner numbers never attained dignity, and the phrasing and "analytical" reading of the works were not good.

The experiment of changing the time of the Festival from October to April apparently was not a success, for the audiences, except at the Friday evening concert, when Granville Bantock's popular "Omar Khayyám" and the "Parsifal" excerpt filled the programme, fell far short in numbers of those of previous years. The method of employing one man to fill the two offices of conductor and choruscaster may be declared an unqualified success.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

DIPLOMACY AND COMMERCE

AMONG the causes at different times advanced to account for the decline of British commercial interests in various parts of the world is that of inadequate support from official quarters. Repeatedly it is urged against our Foreign Office and against our diplomatic representatives abroad that their neglect in this respect places business men at a serious disadvantage as compared with foreign rivals, who invariably receive active assistance from their own Governments. It is highly probable that before long, either in Parliament or in the Press, or perhaps through the medium of some association organised specially for the purpose, an attempt will be made to invite public opinion on the question with the object of stimulating official energy. There can be no doubt that British diplomats have a proper conception of their exalted duties—duties which, by their very nature, lend themselves to the accompaniment of dignified reserve; and it is no exaggeration to say that in consequence our Embassies and Legations are regarded by the peoples in whose midst they are placed as worthily in keeping with British traditions no less than with the best features of British character. At the same time, in order to maintain our pre-eminence as a commercial Power, we must recognise that even diplomacy should adapt itself to changing conditions. Nor is there any reason to believe that this recognition will necessarily involve the lowering of the prestige of our representatives abroad. Other countries have not been slow to discover that the present is essentially a business-like age requiring business-like methods, not only from the individual, but from every department of State.

The extension of communications to all parts of the world has had an important bearing upon the duties of a diplomatist. In former days, before cables linked remote ends of the earth together, Legations in distant countries were frequently called upon to deal with situations which allowed a wide margin of initiative. Now, as it were, they are at the end of a line stretching from Downing Street, and their responsibilities have been lightened by reason of the fact that within a few hours at most they can receive instructions from home. In another sphere, however, their duties have been appreciably increased. To-day business men think nothing of journeying several thousands of miles in search of openings for their enterprise. And, not unnaturally, they look to British representatives abroad for help in some way or other. Invariably they meet with a reception which, if not positively discouraging, is at least lukewarm, and which, as I have already observed, places them at a marked disadvantage in their competition with foreign rivals. Thus the frequent complaint is heard on all sides that British diplomatists have at heart a contempt for anything connected with commerce, or, in other words, that they look upon the advancement of commercial interests as altogether inconsistent with the dignity of their high office. When full allowance has been made for the undeniable fact that grumbling is somewhat chronic among business people, it is within the knowledge of all who have travelled far and wide that British enterprise suffers to no small extent in consequence of the failure of our representatives abroad to appreciate the importance of trade.

Let us turn for the moment to the example set by other nations. It does not follow that these examples are necessarily the embodiment of all that is wise when they are considered in relation to high policy; but some reference to them will at least afford an instructive comparison with

British methods, or, to speak more accurately, with the lack of British methods. America has certainly led the way in combining business with diplomacy. Many of her Ambassadors and Ministers are selected because they have sound commercial knowledge. It will be within recollection that the name of Mr. John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer, has been freely mentioned in connection with the representation at Berlin. Then it is alone due to the vigorous support of the Washington Government that American bankers are taking the lead in Chinese finance. These bankers have as their representative Mr. Willard Straight, who was formerly the Consul-General at Mukden. Whenever a prominent American business man arrives in any capital he is promptly taken "under the wing" of the representative of his country, who introduces him to Ministerial circles, and to the best society, and not infrequently arranges that he shall be given the honour of an audience with the reigning monarch.

The Germans are equally energetic in the furtherance of their commercial interests. Certain financial institutions are openly and unceasingly accorded diplomatic support. On many occasions I have heard it said of an Ambassador or Minister that he was to all intents and purposes the "representative of Krupps." I recollect that during the Russo-Japanese War a German firm supplied the Japanese Government with a number of locomotives. This was their first order from the Japanese Government, and they were very anxious to give satisfaction. When a trial of the locomotives was being made the German Minister attended personally. Although a storm was raging, he stood patiently for several hours, under a soaking deluge, making notes of the few defects that were discovered. Subsequently he sent a report to his Government, and this report was communicated to the contracting firm, so that they would be in a position to remedy all faults in future orders. And, needless to add, the same firm did secure more orders. The Belgian diplomatists are also active in commercial matters. I knew a Belgian Minister in an Eastern capital who made no effort to conceal the fact that he was acting as the representative of an industrial syndicate.

The Russian Government, again, often lends the whole weight of its support to an application by one of its nationals for a concession, and a recent report from St. Petersburg states that, whenever possible, men with business knowledge will be appointed to diplomatic posts. It is well known that in China the Japanese Government uses political pressure as a means of promoting trade and commerce.

It is, of course, undesirable for many reasons, and it is not expected, that British diplomatists should allow themselves to become active agents of commerce or finance. Yet, unfortunately, it is too often the case at the present time that they exhibit in their relations with business men a timidity which has the effect of retarding British interests. I have in mind a British Ambassador who made no secret of the fact that his fixed policy was to prevent competition among his own countrymen. Therefore he steadfastly declined to do anything for anybody. Another instance of British impotence brought to my notice was that of a merchant who was on the eve of securing an enormous contract from a Government. The only condition remaining to be fulfilled was the production of a letter from his Ambassador setting forth simply that the firm he represented was of undoubted standing. The Ambassador declined to give this document. Happily, the merchant was a friend of the Ambassador of a foreign country, whose assurance on the point raised was accepted. But for this timely courtesy British industry would have lost a very valuable contract.

On the other hand, many occasions have occurred where "undesirable" persons, in the strict sense of the term, have been able to bring influence to bear upon the Foreign Office, as a consequence of which they have been furnished with letters

of introduction to our diplomatic representatives asking that all possible favours should be extended to them. When business men of high reputation are not similarly treated, but, on the contrary, meet with scant consideration, it would seem that in commercial matters there is need for drastic reform in the methods of Downing Street. Perhaps it is not inopportune in an article of this kind to refer to the slackness which characterises the publication of Consular reports. It seldom happens that the annual trade reports are not hopelessly belated. When eventually they do appear, they are invariably found to be colourless documents devoid of information of any positive value, thus comparing very unfavourably with the German and American reports of a like nature. From many important places where Consular representatives reside, it is not deemed necessary to issue a report at all. It is true that, generally speaking, the Service is composed of men of ability, and sometimes of conspicuous ability, but their energies are restricted by official regulation and custom, and, not infrequently, are controlled by diplomatists whose attitude towards commerce, as we have seen, is far from enthusiastic. It is clear, then, that while the Foreign Office may acquit itself admirably in matters of high policy, too often it neglects to broaden the very foundations upon which that policy rests—the commercial enterprise of Great Britain in all parts of the world.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

At the Imperial Institute on Tuesday afternoon of last week a lecture was delivered by the Rev. R. S. Latimer, his subject being "*Cross versus Crescent in Russia.*" The President of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Mr. E. A. Cazalet, occupied the chair.

The lecturer briefly reviewed the history of Islam within the Russian borders, referring to its champions in arms against Grand Dukes and Tsars, from the early Tartar Khans to Schamyl, the fierce prophet of the Caucasus. The policy of the Tsar towards his Muslim subjects was outlined and contrasted with the policy adopted by the Orthodox Church towards their fellow-Christians of other creeds. Mission work, both Orthodox and Protestant, among the Mohammedans of the Empire was treated of, with its many and great difficulties, its self-sacrifices, and its encouragement.

Mr. Latimer, in conclusion, examined the possible effects of Muslim Modernism, the new spirit that has arisen in Islam, upon the relations between Cross and Crescent in the land of the Tsar.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

I do not think that any one will regret the passing of the account. It has been extremely melancholy. The fall in prices has not been severe, but we all expected so much. As a result our disappointment has been accentuated. In the City, however, no one looks back. All have their eyes fixed on the future. Some of us too much so—at any rate for the good of our pockets. Perhaps that is why the Jew is so successful, for he neither looks backwards nor forwards, but confines his energies to the affair of the instant; and whilst we Christians are calculating the sovereigns that we shall make in the forthcoming month he is annexing our pennies. The promoters show signs of fatigue. I am not

surprised, for the public in almost every case has declined to shoulder the burden.

The Edward Lloyd shares were, however, a sound investment. The Mappin and Webb issue was also good. Indeed, I have very little to say against the Harrison and Crosfield 5½ per cent. prefs., for I think that Lampard is a clever man.

There are dozens of companies ready to come out. Manville and Martin have secured an extraordinary advertisement for Premier Omnibus Company, but whether it is the kind of reclaim they desire is doubtful. The irrepressible Dr. Pearson and his crowd are asking for 1,200,000 6 per cent. twelve-year Bonds on a Texas Land Company. They appear to me speculative. Mr. Redmond, of Leeds, desires £50,000 for a Western Galicia Petroleum Company, but the wells are old and require deepening. The long-delayed Balcobo Tin Mines are also to be brought out. I have heard of them so many times that I fancy they have a musty flavour.

MONEY.—The repayment of a batch of Treasury Bills gave the Money Market all it required. The account on the Stock Exchange has been reduced and the Government has fixed the date of the Budget. All this means that we shall gradually get a superfluity of cash in the City. Therefore it is quite possible that the Bank Rate will fall to 2½. At the present moment there are only two money centres where money is in demand, one is Berlin, the other is Montreal. I do not anticipate that the Montreal demand will become urgent before the autumn, and Berlin can always get whatever she wants from Paris. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has increased its capital, and this shows that it is in need of cash. I understand that all the other Banks in Canada are in a similar plight. They have been lending money to the promoters on schemes that have not yet been floated.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign Market has not seen a bargain done during the whole account except in Peru. German Threes, however, have fallen, owing, it is said, to the necessity for money that exists in Germany. If this fall continues they should be purchased, as German Threes, French Rentes, and English Consols are the three leading stocks of the world and as good as gold.

HOME RAILS have dwindled by sixteenths and eighths during the whole account. The fall, however, looks as though it were coming to an end. The bull account has been largely reduced. After all, prices on the Stock Exchange are governed almost entirely by the state of the market, and the moment we get dealers short in Home Rails then wise people will begin to buy. I think that the fall in South Western deferred has been a little overdone. This company has some great schemes ahead, for which it requires large sums of money, and the market has charitably marked down the stock, knowing that it will be asked to place some of the new scrip. The agitation still goes on in favour of bearer securities. Why the great railway companies do not agree instantly is more than I can understand. The expense of transferring railway stock is serious, and few banks will lend unless they get a transfer. If we had bonds to bearer borrowing facilities would be enormously increased, and many people would invest their money in the best English railways and borrow money from their bank to take up the stock. They would make a profit on the transaction and would really be getting an option for nothing. In addition to this great advantage English railway stock in bearer bonds would be largely purchased on the Continent, and we should have a free market in Paris as well as in London. This would raise the price from 5 to 10 points.

YANKEES.—The American market remains perfectly stagnant, and prices move a few dollars up, only to fall the next day. It is extraordinary that these Trust decisions should exercise such a numbing influence on the otherwise bold spirit of the American speculator. I am assured by people who have just returned from New York that no one will invest money in anything until they see which way the Supreme Court is going to act. The argument is that it is useless to buy to-day when by waiting people will be able to buy ten dollars lower down. But if everybody is waiting

for the Trust decisions, then the expected panic which is to attend those decisions will not occur. A great many good judges hold that the decisions will have no effect whatever upon prices. Money is gradually accumulating in America, and it is said that the crops for the present year will be a record. It is early to speak about crops, but I am only repeating what I am told. Atchisons appear to be the only stock that is being purchased. This is a favourite Boston gamble. Good line, as it seems to me, fully valued to-day.

RUBBER.—Surely Mr. Lampard, having obtained a fresh supply of money, will move up the market. Prices are now within a few shillings of a reasonable level. Indeed I advise a purchase of most of the best shares if they fall another shilling or two. There is a wild effort being made in Brazil to hoist up the price of fine hard-cured Para. I do not think that it will succeed. It is much more likely that those who are carrying stocks to-day will unload on the rash speculators. Nevertheless there is very little chance of a serious fall, and at present prices the good plantations that are moderately capitalised are doing well.

OIL.—The Oil share market is steady because the public does not buy and the promoters have enough money to lend punters who favour their specialities. Gambling in oil shares is confined to a very few people. No one would dream of buying an oil share as an investment. I have on different occasions mentioned which oil shares I consider good, but I again repeat that Black Sea, Burmah, California, and Spies are moderately good speculations, although all of them are as high as they should be. George Macdonald's Standard of Mexico has had great luck in securing the land immediately adjoining the Mexican Eagle gusher. If he can strike oil—and it seems only a question of money—then this concern should do extremely well.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir market remains dead, but City Deep and Knights are both worth buying at present prices, for they are good mines, and Knights yields a purchaser over 10 per cent. Its life is twenty-eight years, and in a couple of years' time it should pay 50 per cent. dividend. This should give those who buy to-day over 15 per cent. on their money.

RHODESIANS.—The Rhodesian market had a very nasty shock, for Jumbos, which had been looked upon as a cheap share at 10s., suddenly fell to 5s. It was then discovered that Mr. Piper, the Consulting Engineer to the Goldfields, had written a very bad report. Someone must have known of this and operated upon it. It is these constant leakages of information that prevent the public from touching Rhodesian shares. I am not surprised, for the whole incident leaves a very nasty taste in the mouth. The feeling on the Stock Exchange was very strong. The Shamva continues to develop well, but the price of the shares is far too high for me to advise a purchase.

OMNIBUS shares have been one of the main topics of conversation during the whole week. At one time they fell to 84. As I write this they are over par. A circular has gone out and an agreement has been come to with the other passenger-carrying companies in London. The fluctuations in this stock are so violent that wise people keep out of the shares.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"MARRIAGE AND COMMON SENSE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter signed "R. W.-S." in which some exception is taken to my review of Mr. Chapman's book, "Marriage and Divorce."

Your correspondent's first point is that personalities in criticism are undesirable. I agree with him absolutely as to the general principle: I disagree with him as absolutely when he implies that I have been guilty of personalities in my notice of Mr Chapman's book.

"R. W.-S." gives two citations from the review in support of this charge. "He talks freely of immorality as if he knew what

it meant;" this is one excerpt, and "R. W.-S." is apparently under the impression that it means: "Mr. Chapman talks so freely of immorality that he must be a very immoral person himself." This, however, is not the true significance of my phrase. My intent was that "morality"—the rule of right and wrong—has varied, and does still vary, in different times and among different peoples to such a huge extent that it is extremely difficult to lay down, offhand, any exact criterion of ethics—that is, if one once departs from the strict law of the Christian Church.

The other instance of supposed personal allusion is, says "R. W.-S.", to be found in the sentence, "Who is Mr. Chapman, to dismiss Islam and China and Japan as nests of immorality? One may strain the jurisdiction of Metropolitan Magistrate too far." This allusion to Mr. Chapman's avocation does not answer to my definition of "personality," using the word in its second intention as meaning an offensive and unwarrantable allusion to a man's private affairs. If the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote a book I should feel no compunction as a reviewer in alluding to the author's high office. The fact that Mr. Chapman is a Metropolitan Magistrate is not a secret or a private matter; it is announced on the title-page of his book. If a reviewer said, "What business has Mr. X. to talk about taste and morals, considering his red nose, his fondness for tripe and onions, and his habit of beating his wife every Saturday?" then, I think, one would have "personality" in the usual sense of the word.

"R. W.-S." is more interesting when he expresses his adherence to Mr. Chapman's dictum: "Greater individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility."

A few weeks ago I met two officials of the British South Africa Company. These gentlemen were telling me about the Wawemba, the tribe which they help to govern. The Wawemba have great individual freedom with respect to marriage. The result is that all succession counts through the female line only, and one lady who came before the authorities turned out to have had seven "husbands" in eighteen months.

Another tribe of which I know something inhabits the United States of America. This tribe has great individual freedom with respect to marriage: the results of that freedom are of unsavoury and wide-world notoriety. In neither case has the freedom brought about the sense of responsibility—unless, in really advanced and thoughtful circles, "responsibility" means licensed concubinage.

Panurge in "Pantagruel," growing older, felt the dread of bad wine an increasing weight upon his heart. And I, growing older also, confute with an ever-increasing distaste (which will soon become nausea and loathing) the great argument that the only way to put down burglary is to hang the locksmiths and stick up a coloured sign, "This way to the silver spoons," near the open door.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

"THE PRINCESS VIRGINIA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—I begged Mr. Methuen, our publisher, not to have "Princess Virginia" sent to any papers for review, as she is twelve years old (very young for a girl, but *extremely* aged for a book of that sort!), merely touched up a little, and renamed from "The Adventure of Princess Sylvia." I thought Mr. Methuen had decided to do as I asked; for I was sure poor little "Virginia" was much too *passée* for the critics. Saying "I told you so!" to him may be a slight satisfaction, but it cannot make up for a misunderstanding in THE ACADEMY, whose good opinion my husband and I highly value.

I fancied there was a note in this 2s. edition to say that it was an old book; but as we spend the winters in France I didn't feel curious enough to send and make sure.

It would be extraordinarily nice of you if you could, and would, kindly say that a wail came from France announcing that "Princess Virginia" is a very old person disguised as a young girl of the moment in a 2s. frock.—Yours very truly,

ALICE WILLIAMSON.

Menton, May 5th.

THE STATE INSURANCE SCHEME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—The attitude assumed by the Unionist Press in connection with Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Scheme is a striking example of Opposition weakness. Indeed, it may be said to

discover the actual cause of the present Government's impregnable position.

The very Gargantuan proportions of this scheme for the insular adjustment of things is an admittance, on the Government's own part, of the vast depravity of our industrial distress. Each party stands upon equal ground, in that each party is unanimous for a policy of national or constitutional reform. There is, therefore, a mutual acknowledgment of a national or constitutional clog in State affairs. The Liberals declare this clog to be due to a check upon national freedom—that is to say, to the Veto put by the Lords upon autocratic measures for supplies and redress introduced by a Liberal Cabinet. On the other hand, the Unionists declare this clog to be due to the vicious or tyrannical nature of the said measures.

Now, as a matter of fact, the Unionist party is right, its one fault existing in its failure to give a national or non-partisan tone to its Conservative attitude.

For instance, there cannot exist at the same time two national grounds for reform. Which, therefore, is the constitutional element which needs reforming—the governing or the non-governing element? The answer is as clear as daylight, for, as I have previously stated, the very Gargantuan proportions of the present Government's schemes is an admittance on the Government's own part of the needs required in a proper Government.

We arrive, then, at this point. No reform is needed with respect to the facilities possessed for checking preposterous measures for supplies and redress of grievances. Therefore no reform of the House of Lords is needed. For, apart from erratic rule, there could be no political deadlock—no supplies or redress of grievances asked for by a Government which could not be met without an arbitrary system of taxation.

If the Unionist party can be made to see it, this latest move on the part of the Chancellor is merely a trick to deceive the Opposition. Peradventure it is so clever a trick as to have deceived even the Chancellor himself. Sickness and unemployment are two such terrible facts as to demand the sympathies of one and all, no matter of what political views. But is the cure for such evils to be found apart from their causes? Surely, with our present-day knowledge we should be above quack treatment where national matters are concerned. Since when, for instance, has the lack of State insurance been the cause of such national evils as sickness or unemployment or, for that matter, of any of our national forms of distress? And if the lack of such insurance is not responsible, how, in the name of reason, is such negative treatment to become identified with remedial results, except as a fostering remedy?

Surely, Sir, a Government which governs by anticipating its own incompetence to cope with evils arising out of national forms of oppression cannot lay claim to any positive, and therefore original, measures of rule? England's needs at the present time call for some positive action on the part of her rulers, and not for measures which, like the general run of Liberal measures, anticipate a continuation of the very evils which Government Acts are supposed to cure, and not to pamper or foster. The rottenness of the whole scheme of State Insurance is discovered when it is understood that, by such a system of positive waste (there can be no real form of economy where political action fails to arrest waste tendencies) the evils from which the country is suffering not only remain unchecked, but are legally encouraged. The Government, by this scheme, propound the incurable form of our national distresses. Our hope for any positive form of Government therefore rests with the Unionist party. But that party should beware of the latest blind on the part of the reigning Chancellor.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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- When We are Rich: a Callow Chronicle of Frivolous Affairs.* By Ward Muir. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
The Evolution of Katherine. By E. Temple Thurston. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.
For Braganza. By Michael W. Kaye. Greening and Co. 6s.
Ruth Werdress, Father O'Hara, and Some New Christians: an Anglo-Irish Tale. By John Godwin Fitzgerald. William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
The Garden of Resurrection: being the Love Story of an Ugly Man. By E. Temple Thurston. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings. By Andy Adams. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 6s.

People of Popham. By Mrs. George Wemyss. Constable and Co. 6s.
Winding Paths. By Gertrude Page. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
Honour's Fetter. By Mary Wynne. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
The Broken Butterfly: an Austrian Romance. By Ralph Deakin. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
Suffragette Sally. By G. Colmore. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
The Man with the Red Beard: a Story of Moscow and London. By David Whitelaw. Illustrated. Greening and Co. 6s.
Revelations of the Secret Service. Chronicled by William Le Queux. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
That Wicked Miss Keane. By F. C. Philips. F. V. White and Co. 2s. net.
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Other Laws. By John Parkinson. John Lane. 6s.
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The Horseshoe. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
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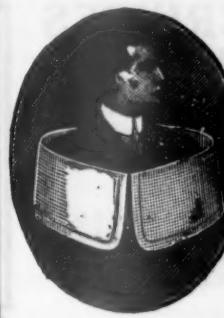
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